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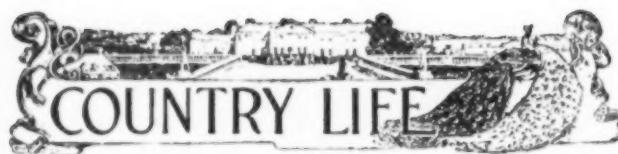
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MISS ALICE HUGHES.

LADY JARDINE OF CASTLE MILK AND HER CHILDREN.

52, Gower Street,



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Jardine of Castle Milk</i> ...	305, 306
<i>Neglected Wildings</i> ...	306
<i>Country Notes</i> ...	307
<i>An East Anglian Impression. (Illustrated)</i> ...	309
<i>A Book of the Week</i> ...	310
<i>In the Garden</i> ...	312
<i>The Parliamentary Journals of Ireland, 1613—1800. (Illustrated)</i> ...	313
<i>Wild Country Life</i> ...	316
<i>Goat-farming and Goat-keeping. (Illustrated)</i> ...	317
<i>Country Home: Purnham House.—II. (Illustrated)</i> ...	320
<i>The Cottenham Stud. (Illustrated)</i> ...	321
<i>On the Green. (Illustrated)</i> ...	323
<i>Correspondence</i> ...	324

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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NEGLECTED WILDINGS

A FEW days ago the present writer happened to turn up a leaflet reprinted from the Journal of the "Bath and West." It contains a great deal of useful information about one of those common objects of which we all know something and nobody knows all; that is to say, the acorn. In a vague, general sort of way it is well understood that the fruit of the oak has a feeding value. The furred and feathered wild creatures devour it, though most of them prefer beech nuts. A grove of beech nuts will attract deer, pheasants, jays and other bipeds and quadrupeds away from a grove of oaks. The pig thrives especially well on acorns, and has done so from the time of the Norman Conquest. Few readers of novels can fail to remember Gurth the Swineherd, thrall to Cedric the Saxon. But mixed with this information on the subject there is very considerable ignorance. It has happened, for example, more than once, that cattle and horses have died from eating acorns, and on that account some consider that the food is unwholesome; but this has usually happened in periods of drought or after a heavy gale, when the unripe acorns in their green state, still remaining in their cups, have been blown down in great profusion. Mr. John Hughes, who is the author of the tract to which allusion has been made, very aptly remarks that because animals have died from the too greedy consumption, say, of clover in wet weather, it does not necessarily follow that clover is a poisonous plant. Whole cotton cake, when containing an exceptional amount of fibre and cotton-wool, occasionally causes the death of lambs who cannot digest it; but that is not to say that cotton-cake is a bad food substance. So with the acorns: the deaths from eating them have been due to their unripeness or to a kindred cause. The nuts themselves are perfectly wholesome.

One who has fed cattle for a long series of years on them, to wit, Sir George Jenkinson of Eastwood Park, Gloucestershire, says that when there is a large crop of acorns he gives his cattle hay day and night, so that they never gorge themselves with acorns on an empty stomach. He also allows the sheep to run in front of the cattle, because sheep eat acorns without injuring themselves, and, indeed, grow fat on them. He does not think that acorn-poisoning is a proper description of the cause of death when animals have died from eating green and unripe acorns. In the course of maturation they become still more wholesome as food, because the process of drying expels the water and

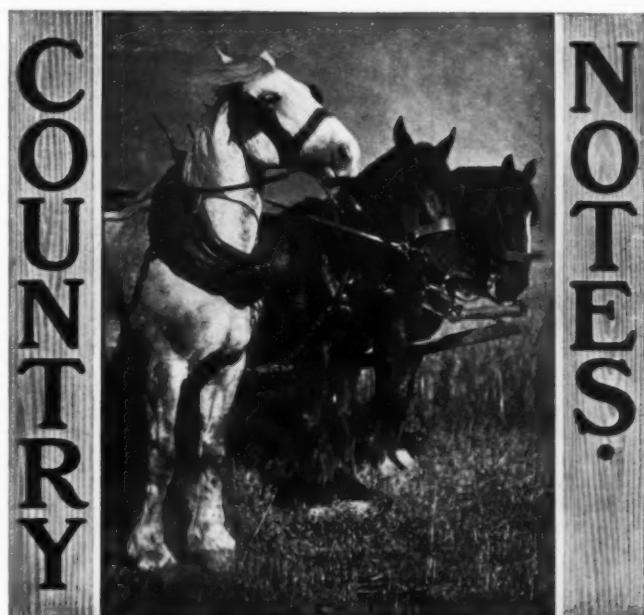
improves the taste by increasing the sugar compounds and eliminating the bitter astringent flavour due to the tannin. Mr. Hughes has made the experiment of drying acorns and grinding them into meal, and in this way he produced a useful food. He considers that farmers would have long ago got into the habit of drying their acorns and using them for food in the form of meal had it not been that they had no convenient means for the purpose. It would be possible to dry them by placing them in thin layers on shelves in a well-ventilated room, but if large quantities had to be dealt with artificial means of drying would be necessary. The difference in the taste of the original fresh kernels and that of the same material after being dried at 212deg. Fahr. and ground into meal is very marked. In the former there is a bitter flavour which spoils the nutty taste; but when the kernels are dried this passes away, and, in the words of Mr. Hughes, the meal acquires a "sweet aromatic biscuit-like taste very agreeable to the palate." It is the bitterness which has always been objected to in acorns. If by the simple process of drying them at a high temperature this can be got rid of, there seems no reason why acorn-meal should not be added to the commissariat of the farmer. In comparing it with barley-meal and oatmeal, it is found to contain more oil than the former and less than the latter. In albuminoids it is not so rich as either, but has the advantage of containing less indigestible fibre. It would be a very good substance to use with more expensive materials, such as linseed cake and decorticated cotton-seed cake, and it has the very great merit of cheapness. Very many owners of livestock can have as many acorns as they like for the trouble of gathering them, and where the cost of labour is not high, the price for which they can be obtained is about 6d. a bushel, or £1 per ton.

Another advantage of using them in this way is that when they are lying about in the fields they are apt to become swollen with the rains and exposure, and so dangerous to horses and cattle. They ought, therefore, to be collected or fed to pigs. Consideration of these facts leads one on to think of the many natural products that used to be gathered and prepared for consumption by our rural population, but are now left to wither and die in the hedge. The only wild fruit to which very great attention is paid is the blackberry, and we are afraid that the number of people who gather this delightful fruit with the object of preserving it is exceedingly small. It is more often collected for sale than for any other purpose, as during the season when blackberries are ripe there are many people who like to cook them either by themselves or with apples. Various other berries used to be gathered in their proper season and employed for the production of home-made wine and cordials. Occasionally in the country one does come across, even at this time of day, an individual who can make excellent elderberry wine, and who preaches it as a sovereign remedy for colds and sore throats, and as an excellent substitute for port. The bullace and the wild cherry used to be treated in a similar manner; but few and far between are the housewives now who can make a palatable beverage from them. As a rule, the prudent man, when offered a home-made wine to drink, suddenly discovers that he has to catch a train. Yet the skill which an individual now and again will show points to the fact that there was a time when the humblest cellar could be stocked from the garden or the hedgerow with drink that was at once wholesome and palatable. The flood of cheapness that has brought so much to the cottage door is probably responsible for the lack of interest now shown in these old preparations. In a way it is to be regretted, because of the shiftlessness that has come with the change. A man or woman who had to make his or her own drink, were it mead or gooseberry wine, or cordial, was more self-reliant, fitter to shift for himself, or herself, than are their degenerate successors, who have got into the way of expecting that everything will be done for them. The housewife of to-day objects to brewing and objects to baking; she considers it a disgrace to labour in the fields, and one of the main objects of her life is to reduce the work of her house to a minimum. It may be more comfortable, but is this the way to produce a thrifty and self-dependent generation?

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Jardine of Castle Milk. Lady Jardine is a daughter of the late Mr. Benjamin Piercy of Marchwiel Hall, Denbighshire, and her marriage to Sir R. W. Buchanan Jardine of Castle Milk took place in 1894.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



AT the season of the ingathering, Sir Walter Gilbey repeats his annual appeal on behalf of the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Institution. This is a body that is very deserving of support, and it would be difficult to mention a more appropriate object to which the offertory of harvest thanksgiving services might be given. At the present time about 240 men, 220 married couples and 630 women are receiving pensions from it, the total cost being between £24,000 and £25,000 a year. The society, too, is one that encourages thrift. Any member who has been a subscriber to its funds for twenty-five years, and has during that period contributed 25 guineas, is entitled to a full pension for life, and should he die leaving a widow not under sixty-five years of age, she receives a pension of £20 a year for life, and this without election, as a matter of right. London has usually contributed generously to the scheme, but the provincial towns are not so liberal. Sir Walter Gilbey directs their particular attention to the fund this year.

In the agricultural returns just issued from Whitehall there is no feature that stands out conspicuously. The total area under all crops shows a diminution of 32,066 acres; but this does not mean that the land has gone out of cultivation. Every year there is a certain amount of land taken away from farming for the purpose of house-building and garden-making, so that a decrease is normal. A slightly larger acreage has been devoted to wheat, while barley, oats, rye, beans and peas show a diminution; but this is in part made up for by the larger area given to potatoes and lucerne. There is a comparatively large increase in the land set apart for permanent grass. A diminishing acreage for flax and hops and an enlarged one for small fruit and bare fallow complete the statement in regard to crops. In livestock a feature is the diminution in the number of unbroken horses of one year and above, though the total number of horses used for agriculture has increased. Very young cattle and cows are more numerous than last year, but there is a falling-off in the two year olds and yearlings. The farmers appear to have been enlarging their flocks of sheep, the increase altogether amounting to nearly a million and being distributed over all classes. Pigs, too, show on the whole a satisfactory increase, although there has been a small diminution in the number of sows kept for breeding. The changes do not indicate much more than the alteration of stock incidental to farming.

The value of the colour scheme produced by planting lavender among roses, and so getting a blend of the purple of the former with the varied hues of the latter thrown on the lavender as on a background, has been recognised by many gardeners. It is a blend of which the value becomes accentuated in the autumn when the rich colour of the second growth of rose foliage comes to mingle with it and enhance its variety and beauty. Among other colour blends in flowers which may be noted as conspicuously successful is that of the pale mauve and the pink sweet peas. Sweet peas have a beauty which hardly ever seems to jar, no matter what varieties are grouped together; but this juxtaposition of the mauve and the pink—with any other note to modify its effect—gives a peculiarly delicate result that is suggestive of some Japanese floral colour schemes rather than of any which we often see in the West. It may be noted that the inoculated sweet peas have been tried with very great success, giving large blossoms and unusually long stalks for picking.

That the Government should offer a reward for rats' tails, and that the management of such recognised and high-class restaurants as the Ritz and the Carlton should contrive to create a gastronomic appreciation of the sparrow, seem to be the most practical of the many suggestions for the extermination of these two pests, which are certainly infesting the daily papers for the moment, whatever their numbers may be in real life. The most obvious difficulty about accepting the former suggestion is that rat-farms might be started, or the tails of alien rats be imported for the sake of the reward. It is not even impossible that some Japanese cunning and manipulation might produce a breed of three-tailed rats—like their three-tailed fish—for the purpose. Certainly the grain-eating sparrow might well be more appreciated than it is as a bird for the table. It is quite an excellent morsel, though there is little enough on it, and the trouble of the plucking is rather out of proportion to the quantity of edible flesh.

It will be seen that two of our contributors—both of whom are engaged in agriculture—make a number of suggestions as to dealing with the two farmers' pests mentioned. It is all very well for people to talk about exterminating the rat, but very few of them understand how difficult that would be. It would require, in the first place, the co-operation of the entire community, because if there is a single farm where a pair of rats are left that would be enough to repeople the Empire with rats as soon as the vigilance had died down, as it would do in course of time. Moreover, the rat, enemy as he is to good agriculture, has his place in the community, and, though he needs to be ruthlessly kept in check, a war of extermination need not be waged against him. The suggestion that farmers should deal with the sparrows on their farms and leave the town birds to keep the race going, is an admirable one. We may take it that sparrows will never be killed to any great extent in towns, and, if that be so, no slaughter in the country is likely to reduce their numbers sufficiently to make the bird in any sense scarce.

THE HIGHLAND GIRL.

How ill at ease you lovers look,
Why drop your faces so?
And why, within a little book
Write down your every throe?
I'm like a thistle-down soft spun,
As gay, as light, as free;
I'm not in love wi' anyone,—
No one's in love wi' me!

I never thought that Cupid's darts
Could make a lass so grim;
And so I'm glad that I've no smarts
From arrows shot by him!
I sing all day, and trouble none,
Nor cry for charity;
I'm not in love wi' anyone,—
No one's in love wi' me.

ERIC CLOUGH TAYLOR.

We, in this country, are often chided that we do so little in the way of effective preservation by our Government of rare and vanishing species of birds. It is pointed out to us, for instance, how far we are behind the Government of Hungary, which is said to employ in its State department for the protection of birds some thousands of persons to enforce the laws for the preservation of bird-life in the great forests of that land. The fines for infringement of these laws are very much heavier than they are with us. Certainly, it has to be admitted that by far the best of the work in bird preservation in this country has been done by keepers paid by private subscription. Comparatively lately the appointment by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds of an official to enquire into the "traffics and discoveries" of the bird-catchers is stated to be producing a markedly deterrent effect on the enterprises which these gentry have hitherto been carrying on, rarely checked, all through the close season. Doubtless there is always something to be said on the other side of this wide question—that is to say, the fruit-grower's side.

The net-fishing for salmon all over Scottish rivers has come to a close. It may probably be said that the season has been the worst on record, and it is almost certainly true that the grilse have been more conspicuous by absence than they have been in any former year. This is a circumstance which augurs ill for the salmon supply of future seasons. On one or two of the rivers the later catches have been very much better than the earlier, so as to make up in some degree for the failure at the beginning of the net-fishing. On the Spey, the catches, both of grilse and salmon, were very heavy in July, and the total of the fisheries on that river is larger than it was last year; but, perhaps, the Spey is enjoying special advantages from the change of policy which was initiated when the present Duke of Richmond and Gordon succeeded. The Aberdeenshire Dee and Don

have done very badly, and the same ill report has to serve for the Deveron, where, however, there was a special reason in the fact that the fishermen's nets were badly broken by a storm in July just when the grilse were running. In the Forth many salmon have been picked up dead, and the mortality is ascribed to pollution.

Prince Francis of Teck, writing in his capacity of chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, has addressed a letter to the *Morning Post*, which all who are interested in motor traffic should read, mark and inwardly digest. If the Royal Automobile Club is animated by the same spirit as its chairman, we ought in the course of time to see a great improvement in the methods of driving. Already, it is not too much to say that the majority of motorists are considerate of the general public. They do all that lies within their power to reduce the dust nuisance to its lowest terms, and to avoid unnecessary pain and alarm on the part of cyclists, pedestrians and other road passengers. But, as usual, it is not the righteous but the sinner who needs calling to repentance; and there can be little doubt that a few flagrant offenders, as Prince Francis of Teck remarks, "are arousing the hostility of the public." It is, in his words, "the thoughtlessness of a small percentage of those owning motor-vehicles" which makes the problem so acute.

In order to combat the evil, Prince Francis of Teck directs attention to four points about which owners might give their chauffeurs careful instructions; and another point might be added which is omitted from the letter in question: this is the returning chauffeur. Many a man who drives according to instructions when under his master's eye is in the habit of letting the engine go when he is coming back by himself, or with a companion whom he has picked up on the road. The prudent owner will do well to caution his driver about the manner in which he takes the car home, and anyone exceeding the speed limit under these circumstances would deserve instant dismissal. The points emphasised by Prince Francis of Teck are that the driver should not overtake or pass any other conveyance at such an immoderate speed as is likely to cause nervousness. In passing tramcars, when passengers are entering or alighting, most particular care should be exercised; the driver should be told that he has not to overtake and pass another motor when it is going cautiously down hill or approaching a corner. In turning a corner the rule of the road ought to be very rigorously obeyed. A very great service has been done by the publication of this extremely sensible letter, which we trust will receive the attention it deserves from all motorists.

If the shade of James Boswell be able to take note of the things that continue to go on "in this dim spot which men call earth," it is easy to imagine the complacent smile with which he will greet the intelligence that a monument is to be erected to him at Lichfield. While he lived he was looked upon as a bore and a gossip, even by those who had no stronger feeling against him than that of contemptuous toleration; yet apparently because of his faults and limitations, he wrote the best biography in the English language, and his name has become part of the English tongue—to Boswellise being a common and well-understood expression. It is probably owing to Macaulay's love of antithesis that such contradictory opinions of Boswell are held. He must have had greater insight and appreciation than is generally supposed. At any rate, we cannot imagine that he wrote down all that Johnson said, but must have selected; and he selected with fine judgment and good sense, so that the reader of the famous life can realise our great lexicographer as he lived, especially when Boswell's writing is read in conjunction with the inimitable portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which shows us in one view the greatness and majesty of Johnson, and also his pettish—almost shrewish—ill-temper and irritability. It is a great portrait, without which Boswell's "Life of Johnson" never seems to be complete.

Those who have articles of vertu to dispose of ought to read the instructions to his executors which the late Mr. William Benrose, with characteristic shrewdness and prudence, set down in his will. In disposing of his collection he told them not to put too many of one kind in the sale on one day, but some good things each day. They were also to fix a reserve on certain things, and to have a friend or two to keep things going by giving an occasional bid. If by accident one of these friends should get a "knock-down" they were to take the responsibility. He also showed them how to get publicity by putting a paragraph first in the local paper and then sending it round. Finally, he showed that a sale in the country often yields better results than one conducted at Christie's. "Men will follow good things anywhere" is one of his axioms, and he added that rings are not so easily formed in the country and more private buyers attend. "Old carpets sell better than new" was another of his axioms. Altogether, he shows that he would have made an excellent editor of *Tusser's "Five Hundred Points of Good Agriculture."*

There is scope for a person with the requisite erudition and leisure to write an interesting essay, or even book, on the various kinds of public conveyance which have held the streets of London since the Sedan chair was abandoned in favour of vehicles on wheels. Lately we have seen a very decided revolution in the coming of the motor-bus and the supplanting of the "gondola of London" by the taxicab. Already some of the older types, and their very character, are forgotten. Who, for instance, is able to tell us with precision the difference in fashion and in price between the "cab" and the "hackney coach" in the days of the *Pickwick Club*? A difference there was, all in the latter's favour. The younger Weller, with the scorn natural in the son of a mail-coach-driver, remarks to his father on his "Governor" taking "two mile o' danger for eightpence" in a cab. On the other hand, Mr. Squeers, on a famous occasion, bids "Call a hackney coach, and d— the expense," indicating that the latter was a vehicle for the opulent. Again we have "the four *Pickwickians* and Mr. Perkes" in very painful circumstances travelling to the *Guildhall* in a "coach," while Sam, Mr. Lowten and the blue bag followed in a cab. All this indicates, but does not define, a clear difference in favour of the coach. And these are just the points which the suggested essay, with illustrations, might illuminate.

THE ROAD TO BIBILE.

(*Kirihamy's Lament.*)

Beneath the palms the long road runs
The long white Road to Bibile,
Green pigeons flash from tree to tree,
The sunflowers dance in golden glee,
A world of gold and green to me,

As I went down to Bibile,

A myriad souls for countless suns
Have trod the road to Bibile,
Yet none with lighter heart than I
Have trudged beneath the glowing sky,
For all my hopes and longing lie
In two brown eyes in Bibile.

O weary is the road that runs
Beneath the palms to Bibile—
There were no clinging arms to greet,
No heart against my heart to beat;
In vain I searched the busy street—
The broad bazaar of Bibile.

Though I may see a myriad suns
Shine down the road to Bibile,
My heart will never cease to yearn
For one who never shall return—
She lies where scarlet shoe-flowers burn
Beyond the road to Bibile.

BELA SIDNEY WOOLF.

There is a certain method, well known by all who are tolerably proficient throwers of the dry fly, and inculcated by all the masters of that gentle art, which is being proved to have its drawbacks, in spite of its efficiency for the moment. The method in question has for its chief feature a turning of the rod hand as the fly comes down to the water, rather with the action which turns a key in a lock, in order to send the line straight out in the teeth of a wind. It is a very effective aid to this difficult end, but it is found to have the ultimate drawback of wearing out the rod very quickly. Evidently the twist, while the rod is in swift motion, must put a great strain on it, and some anglers who have habitually used this cast against the wind for years have now given it up. Some say that its repeated use will wear out a split cane rod in a single season. Probably this is an exaggeration; but it has much truth at the back of it, and it is well to be as sparing of this useful cast as possible.

We confess to a feeling of satisfaction at the prospect of cricket disappearing for a while from the pages of the morning and evening papers. At the beginning of the season, when all is fresh, it is delightful to read of the doings of the heroes of the bat and ball; but by the time summer is coming to an end we have had so much in regard to centuries and bowling performances and other topics which furnish the ready pen of the sporting journalist with a theme for his disquisitions, that we begin to long for a change. It is true that football supplies its place, and is rather less than more inspiring; but football intelligence can easily be skipped. It is fashioned mostly for the benefit of those who form the usual football crowds on Saturdays.

For people who have the misfortune to have reached adult years it is not of such prime importance, but for the happiness of country children in the autumn it makes a great difference whether or no the season has been a favourable one for the growth and ripening of nuts and blackberries. This year, as it appears, they are partly, but not altogether, fortunate in this

respect: the blackberries seem to be more than usually abundant, but the nuts hardly up to the normal standard; so they have to take the sweet with the bitter. Even of the blackberries, at the moment of writing, it has to be confessed that, though they are in splendid quantity, the quality is not very good. The heavy

rains of August seem to have washed all the flavour out of them and they are very insipid. Fortunately, however, those whom it chiefly concerns, the children, are not highly critical. They are *gourmands* rather than *gourmets*, and so long as the berries are abundant enough they can make themselves happy.

AN EAST ANGLIAN IMPRESSION.

TO one whose home has mostly lain far inland, the shy and elusive charm of East Anglia comes slowly but surely. Standing by the encroaching sea, the eye is filled with two parallel lines—one of grey shingle, washed clean by the restless waters that are continually drawing the stones into the depths and throwing them up again on to the land, and the other of creamy white, made by the lapping wavelets under the caress of the land wind; out at sea, ships passing and repassing one another, some with sails, some with black funnels, some ugly in their black strength, others graceful under sunny canvas. Withdrawning from the sea we come to marshes, studded with windmills such as meet the eye nowhere else in England. These mills do not exactly pump the water from the ancient dykes that are used for drainage; the wheels driven by them lap the water, so to speak, from the deep into the shallow ditch. Between the marsh and the sea is a bent and bracken clad extent of sandy dunes over which, no doubt, the rollers of the North Sea will one day tumble, since here the sea steadily, foot by foot, is undermining and carrying away the dry land. Beside the marsh are sandy hills where innumerable rabbits have their home, and beyond these again we come to the quiet beauty of the Suffolk homes. Within reach of the bitter east wind that, during the spring months, blows over the sea from the Russian steppes, plant-life is under a blight. Where the stunted trees give a certain amount of shelter, irises and marsh grasses grow luxuriantly; but the marsh itself and the sandy hills are so bare that in spring the partridges which abound cannot find a nesting-place on them. The birds have to take to the bents, and within a small area over 200 eggs were collected during the present spring, to be hatched out in places less open to the mroads of the general public. In the marsh itself the sea-birds, less particular in regard to cover, find a thousand nesting-places, far more than any except a few experts knew until the draining of the Aldeburgh Marsh this year admitted of a wholesale robbery of nests.

But all this is over for the year; the flights of tern that may be seen fishing so prettily near the coast-line, hovering above the water and dropping into it as a kestrel drops on his prey, have probably built their nests and reared their young amid the rocks of the Far North. At any rate, very few of those which attempt to breed on the low ground can possibly survive, as their haunts are raided most systematically. If we go north a mile or two inland, the aspect of the country changes altogether. Suffolk at its best is typical of the most fertile portions of rural England; comfortable farmhouses with their cottages are nestled under the shelter of plantations, in many cases miles away from a railway station, although light railways have penetrated many of the most remote districts, and are promised for some others. On a typical farm may be seen the livestock which has made this part of the country famous—the red Suffolk cattle, the sheep so closely resembling the best Downs, the Panches famous all the world over. Yet the farmers are not too conservative, as may be proved by the growing number of black Aberdeen-Angus cattle that may be seen roaming the fields. Indeed, some have made it a reproach that the modern Suffolk farmer does not cling with sufficient tenacity to the kind of stock that his fathers reared. We see the ubiquitous shorthorn where the native cattle might be expected. The plough horses do not differ essentially from those that may be seen in many distant counties, and other breeds of sheep are as common as the Suffolk. Thus it is very difficult to single out the peculiar characteristics of the county. One of the most notable is the heath. Here we have a description of land which does not find an exact parallel elsewhere. The Suffolk heath does not strike the imagination as do the rolling heathery moors of Yorkshire, and it differs entirely from those very pretty heaths with which we are all familiar in Surrey. At this time of the year the heather grows in purple patches, both the bell heather and that which is commonly known under



H. G. Grainger.

A SUFFOLK FARMSTEAD.

Copyright.

the name of "ling." Bracken would produce a prevalent green were it not broken up and shaded by a million yellow flowers. The plantations are peculiar, because they are oftener than not made up of self-sown trees. Where the heathland—as is often the case—has for generations been used as a rabbit warren, Nature has been allowed to do very much as she liked in the way of sowing and bringing to maturity seedlings from the coniferous and other trees, clumps of which break up what would otherwise be monotonous. Often one thinks what these places must have been in the time of Shakespeare, whose three witches might very well have met upon them. The roads which wind through them, and along which the squirrels may often be seen hopping, were in the eighteenth century the scenes of many incidents of highway robbery, and are clad with the memory of "high Toby." Now in summer and autumn they lie in peaceful, sunshiny happiness that cannot be associated with ideas of strife. Bordering them are tall woods or fertile fields from which the farmer now is carrying his harvest. Only a little time ago it seemed as if he would have to relinquish the task of cultivation altogether, for there was no land in the country that suffered more from the depression. Things are looking better now, and the air is much more cheerful. If it were desired to define the peculiar and salient characteristics of Suffolk, it is probably in the kitchen that we should

of the world which is known to men and reachable, and, if that were all, the "anywhen" carpet would be much more wonderful. It is the most difficult thing in the world to sit down and reconstruct society as it was, we do not say 1,000 years ago, but 500, 300—even 100 years ago. Certain strong outlines come down to us; but the picture must be filled in, must have an infinity of detail; and who is there whose learning could reproduce the manners and dress of an earlier generation? Roughly speaking, we can form an idea, a simple idea, of the people that are gone. We can conceive in our mind of Squire Western in his knee-breeches, and from pictures and prints we can behold him once more hunting the hare or following other pursuits common to the time. But when it comes to be a matter of minute description, who among us could figure Squire Western as we can the country squire of to-day? Yet the fascination of the task ever remains before us, and Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow has made good use of it in his book called *Old England: Her Story Mirrored in Her Scenes* (Evelyn Nash). It is a good book, well worth the most careful reading, and yet is not as satisfying as it might be. Mr. Sparrow has followed the gossipy method of compilation; that is to say, he takes his text and he wanders round and round it till at last we do begin to realise something of that old England which he is trying to describe. He gives a great many quotations from Matthew of



G. H. Capper.

EVENING.

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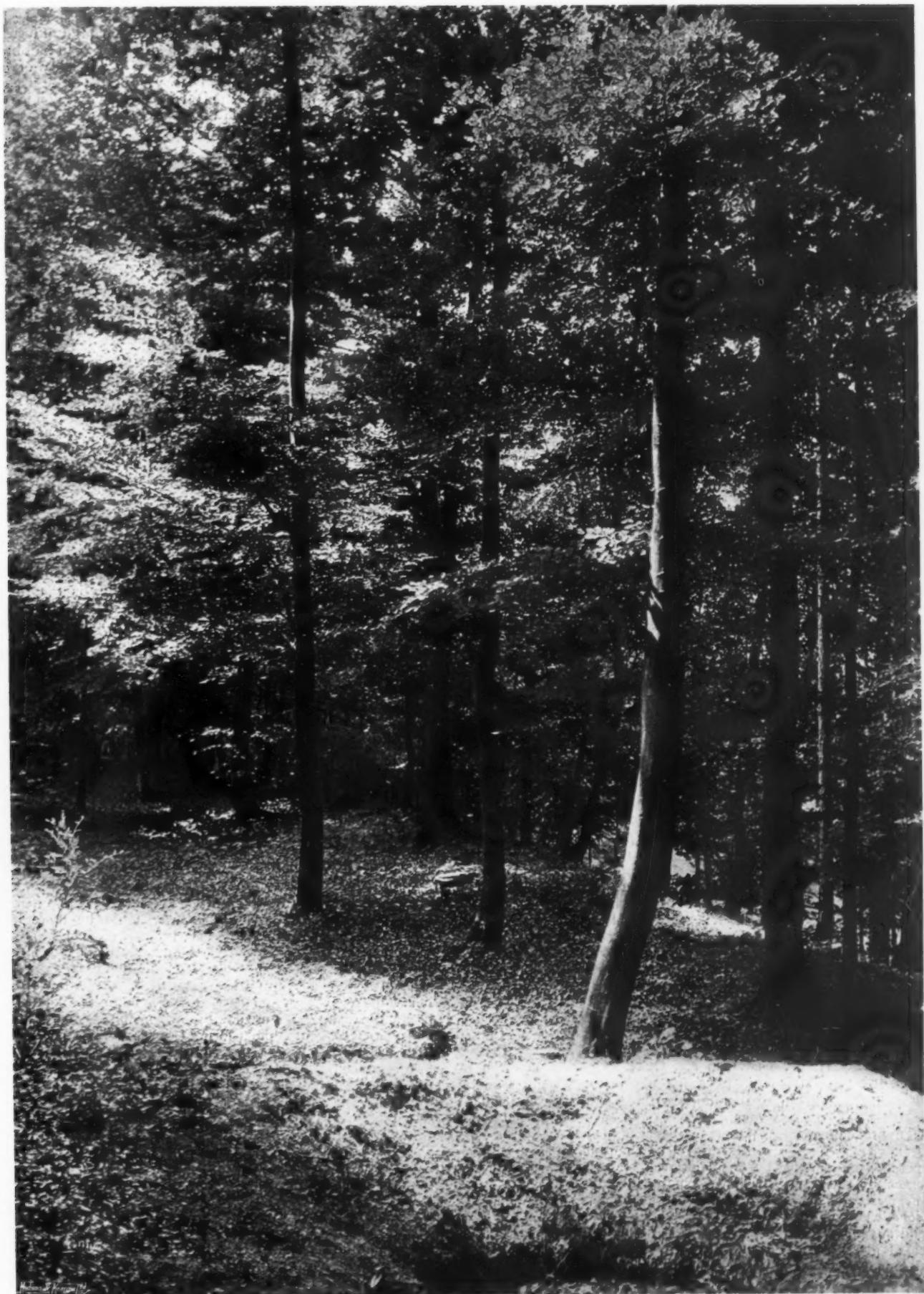
find them. Cosiness and comfort are marked characteristics of the Suffolk farmhouse, and when a good example is found it will invariably be seen that a large oven occupies a conspicuous position, though we regret to say that it is being gradually displaced by the modern range.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THREE are few people who have not desired the "wishing-carpet" longed for by Carlyle. Perhaps some readers may remember the passage; it is when he is talking about the carpet you sat down on and it carried you "anywhither." Carlyle said he would rather have a carpet that carried him "anywhen," as time was more interesting than space. It is true, and yet what worlds of thought are opened by the reference. If "anywhither" meant any part of the solar system, or of the universe that embraces many solar systems; if it could tell us the secret by which this world was made and sent out spinning among the million other worlds, the wishing-carpet for space would be as wonderful as that for time. But Carlyle was thinking of "anywhither" in the usual manner; that is to say, any part

Westminster, that help him out, but often we feel that detail is wanting. He begins with the landing of Cæsar, and no more appropriate point could have been selected; but it is very difficult indeed to form even a rudimentary picture of the galley and their rowers, the legionaries and their leaders that landed at Pevensey. Very properly Mr. Sparrow ekes out what Cæsar himself has told us of the event by reference to the traditions of the Middle Ages. The sea and the coast have the very greatest attraction for our author. In them he finds, or tries to find, a clue to many a state of things now passed away. No doubt a guide is found in the fishermen who, until the introduction of trawling, were the most conservative of workers, and carried on their business in one century very much as they had done in the centuries before. He selects Berwick-on-Tweed as the "chief centre on the Eastern Coast for salmon-fishing." He might have told us more about it, might have related what waggon-loads of salmon were demanded at their festivals by the ecclesiastics of Durham, and how they travelled from the mouth of the Tweed and from Norham. He might have referred to the old law which made it a crime to keep ducks at the mouth of the river, because ducks were supposed to be fatal to the spawn of the fish; and here it is not so difficult to reconstruct the past, because these weather-stained salmon-fishermen who go out in their antique fishing cobles to-day must be very

Sept. 5th, 1908.]



A SUNLIT WOODLAND.

much the same as their predecessors were in the Middle Ages. The picture of Bamborough leads him away into a discussion of the eight hours' day, which only seems distantly related to his subject. He argues from the fact that sometimes as many as forty-eight extra hours were paid for in the week, and that in a well-known Act of Elizabeth, though a twelve hours' day was alluded to, two and a-half hours were allowed for food; but we are afraid his conclusion will not satisfy the antiquaries. There were more holidays in the merry England of old time; but at work the labourers were supposed to give the whole of their mind and body to the interests of their master. Occasionally, too, we find a certain cheapness in our author, which is well illustrated in his reference to Bamborough. He says of Bamborough that its history might be summed up in the phrase:

Bamborough the brave, Bamborough the blest.

Here in six words we get the earlier and the later character of King Ida's fortress.

But the sentence before runs thus:

In 1894 Bamborough Castle was purchased by the late Lord Armstrong for a quarter of a million pounds, and it was fitted up as a convalescent home. As a matter of fact, it never became a convalescent home, and since 1894 has been restored and pulled about in a manner to detract very considerably from its historical interest. His reference to Holy Island is not very satisfying, but Mr. Orrick's picture of it is a most excellent one. A very good chapter is that on the influence of roads and bridges. It carries us back to the military occupation by Rome, when sentinels paced the great wall which was built to ward off the attacks of the Northern savages, and when Roman nobles were living in those villas of which the remains are now lovingly studied at Chedworth, Chichester and many other portions of England. No one has yet been able to gauge the full extent of the influence which the countrymen of Caesar exerted on Great Britain. Of all modern nations, England probably resembles Rome the most. There is the same directness and vigour of character, the same habit of command, the same Imperialism in both. A fascinating subject is the Church in the midst of war. Nothing is more difficult to conceive of rightly to-day than the monastic life of the early centuries—the routine of prayer and service, the occupations of the monks, their useful educational work, their farming and gardening, their general orderliness and yet frequent disobedience to the rules under which they served. The revolt of the peasants, to which Mr. Sparrow gives appropriate attention, was, to some extent at least, directed against the monastery. But here, again, how difficult it is to realise the England of those dark ages. Economists represent the peasant as being ground down, ill fed, ill clothed, ill lodged; but at all times he seems to have been a sturdy and vigorous member of the community, whose spirit, at any rate, never was crushed out of him. In regular warfare he made the best of soldiers, and his rebellions in times of peace gave pause to the Feudal lords and sometimes threatened even to shake the Throne itself. In some of the wider and hilly districts of Great Britain, one may occasionally see even to-day a smock-clad peasant whose gaunt figure and untutored face seem to have been handed down without change from Feudal times. This type of man was more common before the introduction of railways. Since then change, instead of coming over the country like a quiet tide, has swept in a mighty flood, so that during the last half-century more has been given to oblivion than in all the centuries that went before. For, as it happened, the introduction of the railway occurred simultaneously with the introduction of new machinery and new methods, and it is more difficult for the children of this generation to realise the past than it was for the children of any generation that preceded it.

IN THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWERS FOR CUTTING.

HAVE been asked to give a list of plants, with notes on their cultivation, of the most suitable kinds for cutting. This advice is seasonable, too, as the planting season is approaching, especially in the case of bulbs. The following advice is from one who grows as many flowers for this purpose as anyone of my acquaintance, and the information embraces all the months from March to November: "There is an ever-increasing demand for hardy perennials in English gardens, whether large or small. When a collection is desired I should suggest the advisability of devoting a reserve border or piece of ground to the growth of such plants. A portion of the garden deeply worked and well supplied with thoroughly decomposed manure will be admirable for the purpose. In such a position there is no necessity for any consideration in the way of effective grouping. Utility is the main object, and so Daffodils, Iris, Montbretias and dwarf plants may be arranged in alternate lines with larger things, such as Phloxes, Asters and Sunflowers. The object is to economise space and to provide additional room for late flowers. With regard to the furnishing

of such reserve ground and the mode of propagation, if special things are wanted they must first be acquired and increased by offsets, cuttings or division, as the case may be; but the majority may be obtained from seed sown thinly in prepared beds sometime in April, and the seedlings afterwards transferred to permanent quarters; or, better still, prick out the seedlings in beds and plant late in autumn. In the case of such seedlings one has naturally to take the bad with the good, but of nearly all plants required really good material for cutting can be obtained if seed is secured from firms who make a speciality of hardy plants." Of bulbs, the Daffodil is certainly the most useful for cutting, and it may be planted at once. This may appear too early, but the sooner it is in the ground the better, planting the Pheasant's-eye (*Narcissus poeticus*) first, as this suffers most from being out of the soil; and as to the depth at which the bulbs should be planted, that well-known authority, the Rev. G. H. Engleheart, says: "I think 4in. clear, or even 5in. or more in the case of the larger bulbs, none too much soil about their tops. This insures their being well below the unstable top-layer of the soil—i.e., that which is subject to contraction and expansion in the frosts and thaws of winter. In my opinion it is this immunity from this movement which accounts for the success in turf of some kinds which die out in cultivated ground." The sorts I grow for cutting are the dainty *Stella superba*, Horsfieldi, Sir Watkin, Barri conspicuus, Poeticus ornatus, Golden Spur, Queen Bess, C. J. Backhouse, the ordinary Leedsi, Duchess of Westminster, and of the *Polyanthus* *Narcissus* forms, Grand Monarque and Soleil d'Or.

One of the most cherished of early summer flowers for cutting is the spurred Columbine or *Aquilegia*, and there are many beautiful races of them in our nurseries. As seed-time sowing is over, plants will have to be purchased if flowers are desired next year. Then, of course, there is the Sweet Pea, which is rivalling the Rose in popularity. This year it is more in evidence than ever, and several beautiful additions have been made to the list of varieties, George Stark being one of the most notable. Many practise autumn sowing, and certainly the plants flower earlier in the following year. My plants from seed sown last spring are, at the time of writing, in their fullest beauty, the dry weather having kept back the growth, as water was too scarce to use for this purpose. During the present season one of the greatest favourites is the Japanese Windflower (*Anemone japonica alba*), and the white form *alba* or Honorme Joubert is still the most useful; and another flower that one values for its beautiful lace-like character is the well-known *Gypsophila paniculata*, which grows into a large mass in well-prepared soil. This is a perennial, but the annual called *elegans* should be more grown; it is quite as pretty as its relative, and there is a tinge of pink in the flowers which imparts to them a distinct charm. With regard to the Phlox, the following information is useful. No great number of varieties is necessary for the supply of cut flowers, the main consideration being that several distinct shades are represented. There is an impression that Phloxes will not last well when cut, but this is a mistake. The older and commoner sorts would not, but large, firm-petaled flowers are excellent for large vases. Snowdon and Avalanche are excellent early and late whites, and other good sorts in different shades are La Siècle (pink), Etna (salmon), Cræsus (crimson), Mrs. E. H. Jenkins (pure white), Coeur de Lion (carmine) and Pharon (lilac). The portion of the reserve border where Phloxes and other deep and strong rooting plants are grown should be more heavily manured than the places reserved for Daffodils, Montbretias and plants of similar requirements. A flower I esteem for its beauty and usefulness at this season is the Ostrich Plume China Aster. A vase of the lavender form mixed with the white is before me as I write, and a more charming effect could not be produced by any plant available now for the house. This type has overshadowed the older form of the China Aster; the flower may be compared to a Chrysanthemum, and is often mistaken for the graceful blooms that fill the conservatory with colour late in the year. A more beautiful annual has not been raised in recent times, as it possesses not only beauty of form, but of colour. Of great use is the golden-coloured *Coreopsis grandiflora*, which has been a waving mass of flowers for many weeks. The flowers crowd on the graceful stems and last long when gathered, which is a matter of some importance where the opportunities for cutting are at all restricted. Of the Irises, the family is so useful that a selection is somewhat difficult; but for the purpose under consideration, perhaps the varieties of *Xiphium* are the best. They are easily grown, will continue to flower well in the same place for many years and are inexpensive. A batch of these should, if possible, be planted on a north border during the season of flowering; cutting is then considerably prolonged. Pentstemons, though not quite so useful as the other things mentioned for this purpose, must be included; they are welcome for their lateness. Seed should be sown in April, and excellent colours may be obtained in this way.

Of other beautiful flowers for cutting, mention may be made of the single Pyrethrums, many beautiful varieties of which

have been raised by Messrs. Kelway and Son of Langport; the Leopard's-bane, or *Doronicum plantagineum excelsum*, which comes with the Daffodil; Perennial Sunflowers, Michaelmas Daisies, the hardy Chrysanthemum, especially those of the Masses and Mine, Desgranges type; Gaillardias, *Statice latifolia*, the Sea Hollies—*Eryngium amethystinum* and *planum* in particular—and, of course, the fragrant Lavender. It is unnecessary to mention Roses; but a word may be said for Mine. Alfred Carriere, which I think is one of the most beautiful of all when loosely arranged in a bowl, and this variety has the commendable trait of giving its flowers from early summer until late autumn. There is no pretence of making a complete list, but the flowers mentioned have from experience proved of the greatest service for the house.

C.

AN AUTUMN FLOWER.

AT this season one of the most beautiful flowers in the well-planted garden is *Chrysanthemum uliginosum*, which is very effective as a group on the lawn, a purpose for which it is not often used. It stands out unfettered by neighbouring things, and makes a brave mass of white in September when the Tiger Lilies are in full splendour and the Asters make blue clouds in the

woodland. We planted a lot of this Chrysanthemum in an old dry moat, but where the soil is moist its growth is remarkable. We planted a lot also close to the water edge, and there they have thrown up sheafs of bloom. It is so hardy and strong and free in all ways that we should like to see it grouped more in gardens, and not confined to the mixed border.

A LATE-FLOWERING SHRUB.

Ligustrum sinense is a native of China, and should be represented in every garden, as it is one of the most ornamental of the evergreen Privets. It is very accommodating in respect to soil, but flowers most profusely when growing in a moderately dry, sandy loam. With age it will attain a height of 15 ft. or more, with a graceful and spreading habit, and is covered during the latter part of July and the beginning of August with its large panicles of pure white flowers. The Privets are objected to by many on account of the odour of the flowers, but *L. sinense* outdoors has not an altogether unpleasant smell, though the scent is stronger and more disagreeable when the flowers are cut and taken into a room. The plant is easily propagated by cuttings taken at almost any time of the year, pieces of ripe wood 6 in. to 1 ft. in length inserted in the ground outdoors in winter rooting readily, and forming strong young plants in twelve months. These are all the better for an annual cutting down for the first year or two to induce a bushy habit, and to prevent the bare stems in after years that are sometimes seen with this plant.

THE PARLIAMENTARY JOURNALS OF IRELAND.

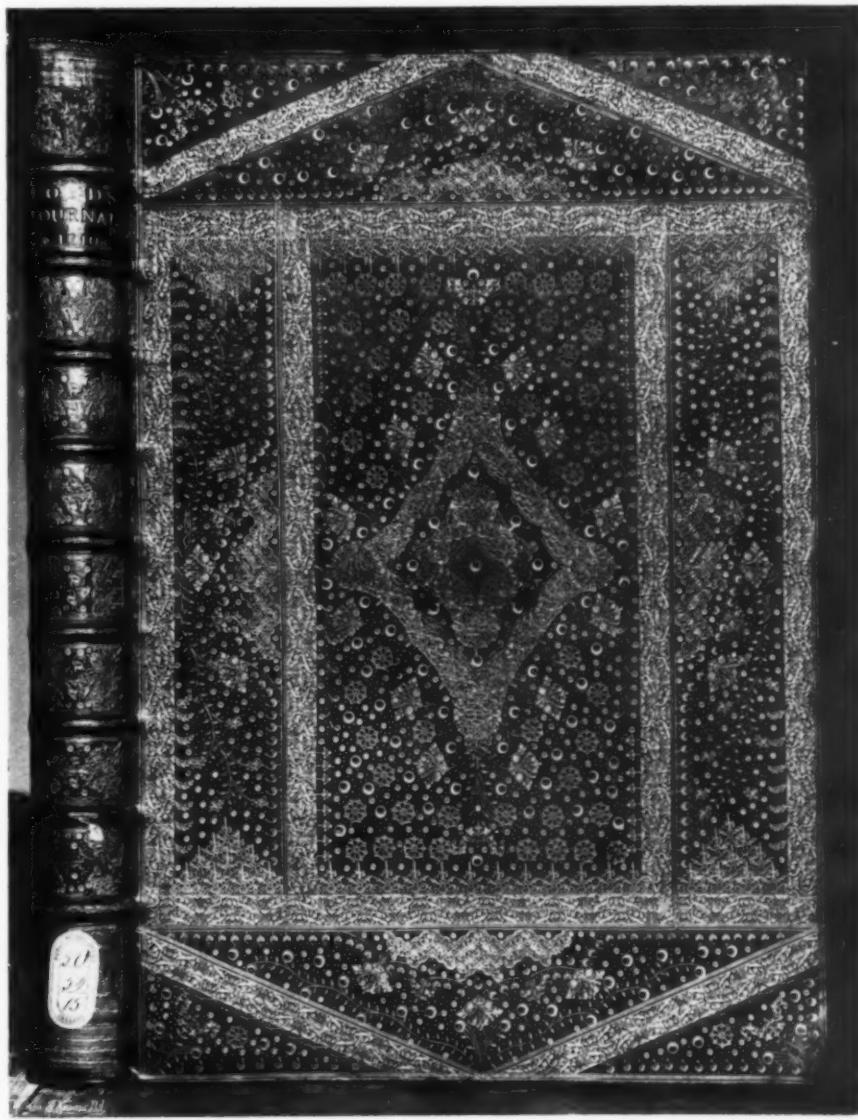
1613—1800.

BY SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN, BART.

ONE of the most remarkable series of magnificently bound books in existence to-day is to be found in a corner of one of our public departments, where one would never dream of looking for anything of the kind without having been specially directed to the spot. Unpromising as the address may sound in such a connection, the Public Record Office of Ireland at the Four Courts, Dublin, is the home of this surprising collection, their habitat being occasioned by the fact that their contents are the original Fair Manuscript copies of the Journals of the Irish Houses of Parliament, and, as such, state records of an important national character. While the Parliament of Ireland was still a living institution, they were preserved in the respective Journal offices of the Lords and Commons of that country, being, as they were, the ultimate and ruling authority on any matter of dispute connected with the proceedings in either House. When in 1800 the Act of Union put a period to both the Parliament and the Journals, the volumes were carted away with little regard for contents or decorations, those of the House of Lords being thrown into much confusion, because neither the Keeper of the Records nor the officer then immediately in charge of them got notice to superintend their removal. Those of the House of Commons fared somewhat better, being moved in a tolerable degree of order, though they too were taken off without any proper superintendence. Six

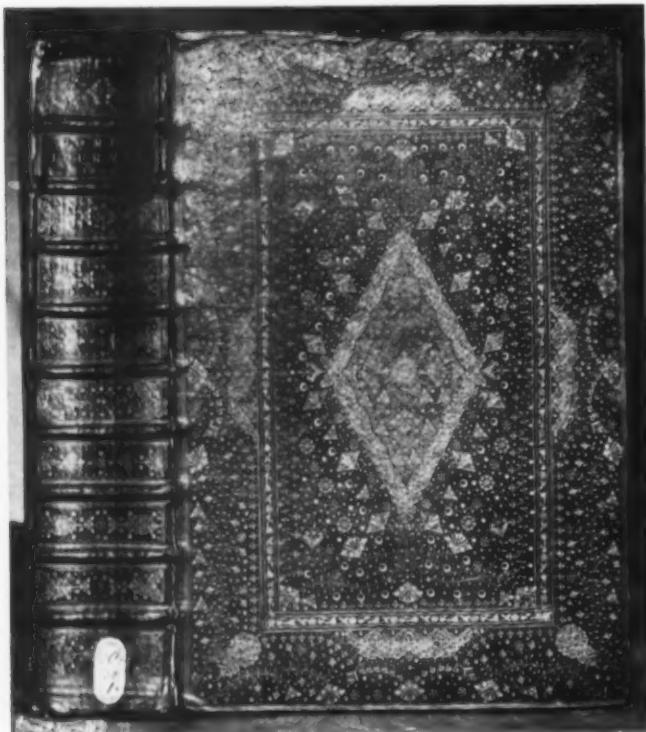
volumes are at present missing from the set—a loss in all probability to be attributed to the scandalous neglect shown in connection with their removal. The books were for some time stored in a house in Anglesea Street, Dublin, and their actual preservation was largely owing to a letter of strong remonstrance written by Lord Redesdale to the Earl of Hardwicke when the latter nobleman was Viceroy of Ireland. The set as it stands to-day consists of 149 volumes of large folio size, averaging about 22 in. in height. They were bound in Dublin by Dublin binders from time to time during the period covered by the transactions, the records of which form their contents, viz., from 1613 to 1800; and they may therefore be regarded as presenting an accurate historical picture of artistic bookbinding of the most elaborate kind in Ireland through nearly two centuries. With the exception of a few of the earliest volumes of the Commons' Journals, they are all cased in the finest morocco, generally red in colour, the great majority of them being tooled with an almost lavish magnificence of gold ornamentation and inlaid colour. Yet, long as the series is, there is no instance of a design being repeated except in the few rare cases where the Journal for the year was too bulky to be bound in a single volume.

The accompanying illustrations of some of these fine bindings give but a faint idea of the splendours of the originals, on most of which mosaic inlaying is made use of for the purpose of adding to the general decorative effect or



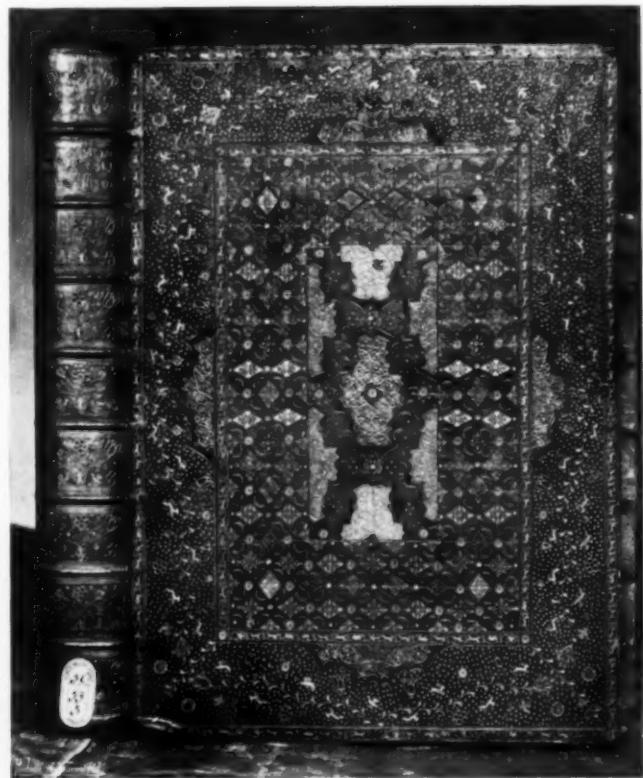
"COTTAGE ROOF" PATTERN. 1710.

intensifying some particular feature in the design. The variety of the designs is little less than bewildering, and although they at times suggest recollections of contemporary work done in other countries, the details are invariably characterised by that unmistakable something which, to an experienced eye, at once differentiates them from the decorative products of any other nationality. It may be taken for granted that every nation in which ornamental bookbinding reached any degree of perfection among the fine arts was, to some extent, indebted to artistic conceptions of a foreign origin. The first Venetian gold-tooled designs were strongly dominated by Celtic influences derived from manuscript illuminations produced between the seventh and the tenth centuries, the leading characteristics of which, though constantly changing as they passed from country to country, were perpetuated by the monastic institutions founded by the followers of St. Columba at St. Gall in Switzerland, Wurtzburg in Germany, Bobbio in North Italy and Luxeuil in France. Byzantine influences are, I think, wrongly assumed to have been the leading note in such early Venetian work, in spite of the close relationship existing at the time between Venice and the East. As with the Italians, so it was with the French; their greatest binders at the inception of the art did not hesitate to adopt ideas from their Southern neighbours who had attained an earlier eminence, though their ideas were modified in France, as in other countries where suggestions were taken from abroad, so as to fall into line with the prevailing tendencies of the national artistic feeling. It was in the same way that England's designs



1634.

were largely influenced by her nearest neighbour, France. When the art was taken up in Ireland, the Irish binders did as others had done before them; and so, in addition to obvious English influences, we find that decorative features which were prominent on the bookbindings of France found an echo (at least so far as outline is concerned) in many of the ornamental forms adopted by the Dublin craftsmen in their best work. At the same time, it is almost impossible for anyone who has studied the details of the Irish designs to mistake any elaborate example of such work for either French or English. Take, for instance, the so-called "cottage-roof" pattern, Irish examples of which are frequently to be found upon the Parliamentary bindings, as in the case of the Lords' Journal, 1710, illustrated here. The details of its component parts will be found to be as different from those employed on any known example of similar British work as, in architecture, the roof, windows, door and chimney of a French château will differ from those found in an English mansion of the same period. When one compares the stamps, or *petits fers*, used by the Dublin binders with those of other countries, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that they were, at their best period at least, of home design and manufacture. Their number and variety, as may be seen even from the illustrations in the text, are something amazing, yet, for all that, it would be extremely difficult to find upon either an English, Scotch or French binding of about the same date even a single stamp identical with any employed by the Irish craftsmen, excluding, of course, curved lines, dots,



1713.

small stars and other unimportant details which are common to the designs of all countries.

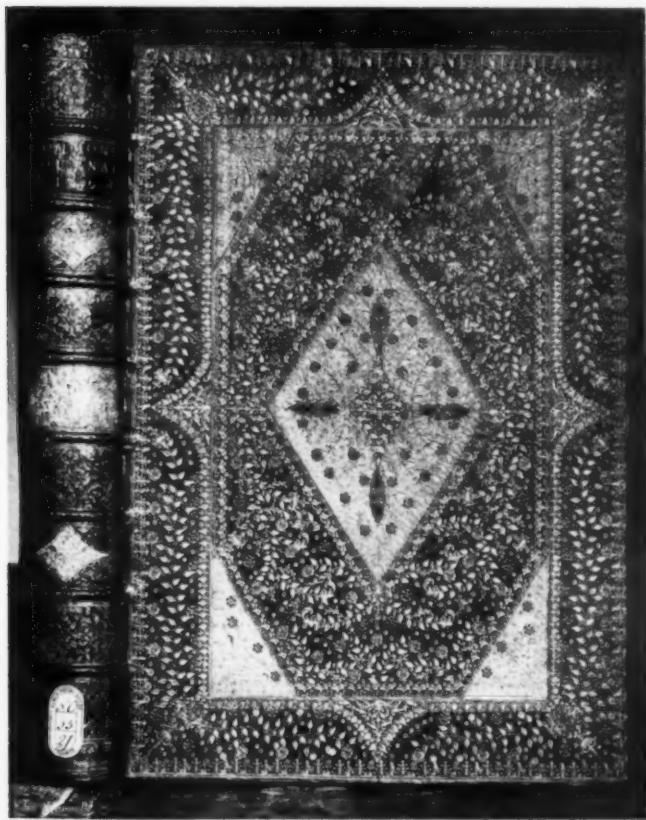
Two examples of French influence upon Irish design will be found in the illustrations of the Lords' Journal and the Commons' Journal for 1759-60. The patterns are peculiarly interesting as showing an arrangement of ornament (divided by strapwork ribbons into compartments) which had its origin in the manuscript illuminations of early Irish art, and which, centuries after, was adopted by the earliest Italian binders. It was copied in turn by the French in the age of Grolier and Le Gascon, and eventually came back to the country of its creation in this roundabout way. An excellent instance of this pattern in its very earliest form is to be found on a page of "The Book of Lindisfarne," already illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (page 367, March 14th), although in this case the ornamental details which fill the compartments are purely Celtic in type.

The outline was retained in all the countries in which this most artistic scheme of decoration became popular, but



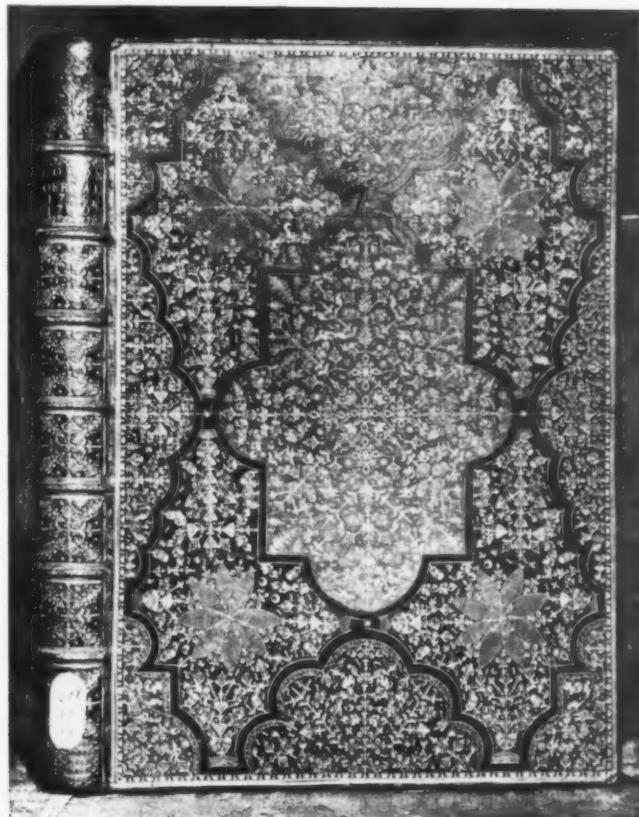
1719.

each nation that used it filled in the spaces that lay between the strapwork lines with stamps based upon its own local conceptions of ornament. Some of the finest work identified with the names of Maioli in Italy, of Grolier and Le Gascon in France, of Berthelet and Mearne in England, and of countless other binders in other parts of Europe, took shape in this fascinating and appropriate form. In the matter of many of the other Irish designs the influence of Mearne's striking originality in binding undoubtedly played an important part. He was a nearer and therefore a more attractive type for the Dublin craftsmen to follow; but even where they were obviously borrowing from his general ideas of composition, the results can never for a moment be confounded with the sources by which they were inspired. A recent article of mine in these pages, on July 11th, 1908, contains illustrations of the work of Mearne which may usefully be compared with the Irish examples shown here, for it is only by such a comparison that one can appreciate the world-wide difference which distinguishes the English from the Irish details. In spite, however, of an occasional tendency to borrow—a practice to which the Dublin binders were no more prone than those of other countries—some of the more distinctly Irish work will, both in design and execution, hold its own with the very best efforts of the "King's Binder" to Charles II.—a fact which may read somewhat strangely to those historians of the craft who have



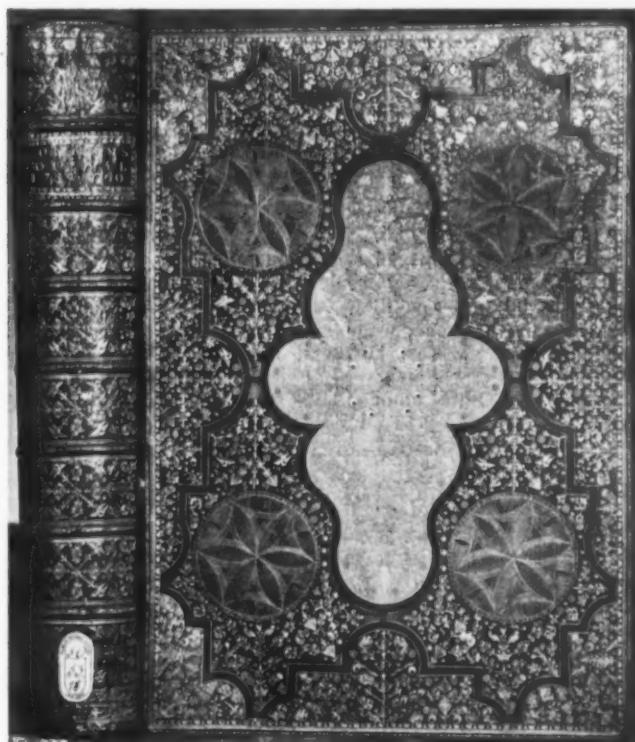
1749.

left Ireland all but unnoticed in connection with the production of elaborate binding of any excellence or artistic distinction. The Commons' Journal of 1747 by Abraham Bradley (and there are many in the series quite as good), is not surpassed by anything ever done by Mearne, though he has rightly been described as the greatest of the English binders in the past—and in this example Ireland was not a borrower from him of either design or treatment. Specimens of Irish binding have for some years been on exhibition in the cases at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and recently a small collection has been on view at the British Museum. None of these exhibits, however, approaches the high level of ornamentation found on the great majority of the volumes of the Parliamentary Journals of Ireland. Who the actual individuals were from whose hands this magnificent series emanated is a thing that will probably never be known with certainty. There is no indication in any one volume of the name of either designer or finisher. We only know the names of the holders from time to time of the office of King's Stationer and King's Printer in Ireland, one or other of which was entrusted with the binding required by the State departments. Both offices were granted by patent; but one can only guess at the extent to which the patentees personally interested themselves in the manual operations connected with the production of these works or in suggestions for their designs. A new appointment is, however,



1760.

generally found to be followed by a new departure in style of decoration, and this is particularly noticeable in connection with the appointment of Abraham Bradley in 1749, in whose time the very finest of the Parliamentary bindings were produced. The King's Stationers in Ireland, so far as they are known, were Robert Thornton (1692-1705), Joseph Ray (1705-18), Nicholas King (1718-23), Samuel Fairbrother (1723-49), A. Bradley (1749-80) and A. Bradley jointly with A. Bradley King (1780-1800). In the early cases the patentees were probably actual bookbinders, but in later years they were more likely to have confined themselves to suggestion and supervision, leaving the actual finishing to handcraftsmen in their employment—much in the same way as Mearne did in the days of Charles II., and as most well-known binders have since done in this and other countries.



1760.

It is a curious fact that no attempt was ever made to put anything more than plain bindings upon the original Journals of the English Parliament, great as the opportunities were of doing what was done in Ireland. Possibly in the case of Ireland the idea of covering their Journals in so luxurious a form may have been the outcome of a new wave of artistic feeling which overspread the country during the eighteenth century. House architecture had then reached its acme, and large numbers of Italians and other foreign artisans were employed in beautifying the interiors of the newly-erected mansions and public buildings in and around Dublin. Engravers, such as Brooks, Spooner, Purcell, Houston and MacArdle, were engaged on works which were destined to live. The Irish printing and type of Powell and Grierson were treading closely on the heels of the famous John Baskerville of Birmingham, helped by the beauty of the native hand-made paper. Painters, miniaturists, medalists and modellers in wax flourished and were largely patronised by a resident aristocracy, who, in spite of the generally unbridled and spendthrift licence of their private lives, showed an envious

the bird is evidently searching the water beneath intently for its food. The sea was calm and the diving was perfectly displayed. Often the bird's immersion was complete, but occasionally the fish was reached close to the surface, and with a flutter or two of its long wings the tern rose from the sea and pursued its flight. Among feathered creatures, not even the various kingfishers are bolder or more skillful divers than are the terns. Swimming in deeper water, beyond the area along which the terns were fishing, were a few guillemots, which seemed to regard the efforts of their marine competitors with complete indifference.

TERN MIGRATIONS.

The terns are extremely cosmopolitan birds, and those that visit us are all migrants which come here for the spring and summer and betake themselves to more kindly climates during the winter months. The common tern (*Sterna fuscata*), for example, comes to us towards April, and departs in August and September, or, at latest, by October. The little tern (*S. minutus*) arrives, as a rule, early in May, and quits these islands in September and October; and the rest of our sea-swallows are merely summer migrants, to whom the blasts and fog and snows of an English winter are utterly repellent. All the species known to us as British—the black and white-winged black terns, the whiskered, the Caspian, the gull-billed, the Sandwich, the elegant roseate tern, the Arctic and the sooty terns—scatter to different parts of the world for the winter, and, when spring returns, once more wing their way to our shores in more or less abundance. Some of these species are, of course, rare in Britain, and their occurrences are only known to keen ornithologists and naturalists. Of such is the whiskered tern, which breeds in great numbers in the marshes of Spain, the Danube, Southern Russia, Turkey, Greece and elsewhere, but is a mere casual straggler to our shores. The fine Caspian tern is another species which is very little known in this country, and the sooty and noddy terns are still more rare.

BRITISH TERNS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

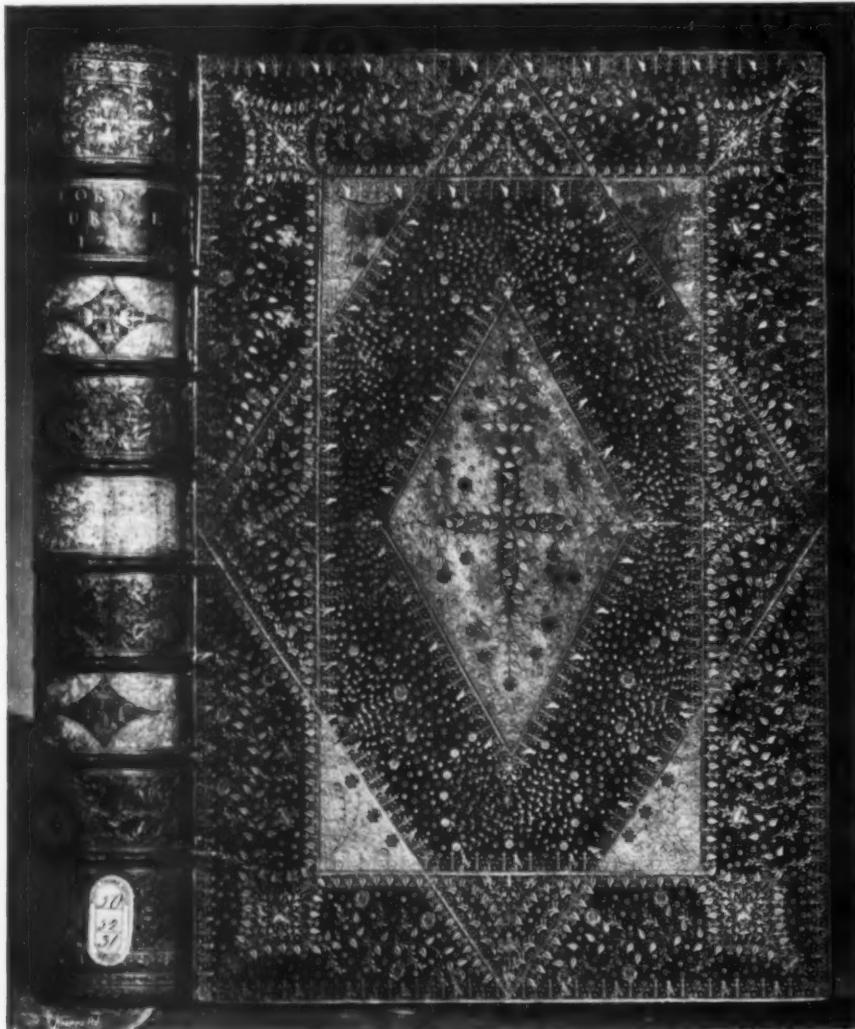
How far those birds which we are pleased to call British terns wander over the world may be seen by a glance at the avifauna of South Africa. On the shore-line and sometimes on inland waters of the various territories forming that huge country are to be found our common tern, as well as the Sandwich, the Caspian, the whiskered and the white-winged black terns. I have watched, procured specimens and identified some of these birds in South Africa with peculiar interest. It is always pleasant to find old friends so far away from home, and in South Africa one meets pretty often not only with such familiar creatures as our common tern, but with many another bird (e.g., our English grey heron) which for years one regarded as peculiarly British. When one compares the Cape seas, teeming as they are with innumerable fish, with the now devastated waters of our own coast-line, hunted to death by fishermen, one wonders why a bird like the common tern, for example, visits us at all in these days. It cannot be the food supply that now attracts these sea-birds to our islands; but rather some ancient, deep-seated and irresistible instinct of migration which cannot be disobeyed. The creatures of this world are all sturdy conservatives. On our coast the common tern must certainly work far harder and far longer for its living than it does on the shores of Cape Colony.

THE MARSH-TERNS.

The marsh-terns vary a good deal in their habits and nesting-places from the more sea-loving species. Those that visit our country are the black tern, the white-winged black tern and the whiskered tern, the last two being but rare wanderers to these islands. The black tern used to breed freely in the fen country in the days before drainage and reclamation had done their worst for the wildfowl. Those days are now, alas, very far away. Even in the Norfolk Broadland the last nest of this tern was found as far back as 1858. But, although the black tern now finds no suitable breeding-place with us, it still visits us in considerable numbers. Even on our Sussex coast-line a few of these charming birds are still to be noted on their way South during August and September; these, however, are chiefly birds in immature plumage. In the Dutch marshes black terns still breed freely enough, and in various other parts of Europe as far north as latitude 60°^{1/2} leg, they are to be found nesting in suitably wild and marshy localities. They nest also in the marshes of North Africa. I have seen these birds in Morocco and have every reason to believe that they breed there, as well as in other northern portions of the Dark Continent. The marsh-terns feed on many other articles of dietary besides fish. All aquatic insects are welcome to them. They kill large numbers of dragon-flies on the wing and will eagerly stoop at field-cricket. Leeches and small fish are also largely consumed. In a specimen of the white-winged black tern shot in South Africa I have found leeches, tiny fish, small snails and frogs' spawn, as well as a few aquatic insects.

THE CHANGES AND CHANCES OF BIRD-LIFE.

Changes are perpetually happening among the birds of the world. Even in our own island, within the last few scores of years, we have seen various movements and disappearances which are hard to account for. The numbers of the wheatear in Sussex, for instance, have immensely diminished within the memory of man, and this is not to be accounted for by the fact that at one time a hundred or two of South Down shepherds trapped them in autumn in large numbers. The habits of our common starling, again, have changed considerably in the last few decades, while their numbers are being



1745.

generosity in the encouragement of all that had to do with fine arts. There was, however, no wild extravagance connected with the payments made for these splendid bindings, the most elaborate among them being charged for at the modest rate of £6 a volume.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE TERNS.

HERE are no more beautiful denizens of our English shore-line than the terns, or sea-swallows, whose aerial movements and fishing habits—often displayed within fifty paces of the beach—are always very interesting to watch. They are most persevering and persistent fishers, and their charmingly easy flight, so careless, so leisurely, yet so wonderfully effective, is in itself a thing of perfect beauty. A day or two since I watched a long procession of these birds passing westward, diving and seizing their prey incessantly as they progressed. They were mostly common terns, varied by a few little terns; but in either case the wing action and fishing methods were much the same. The slender, graceful creatures beat steadily along, occasionally hovering momentarily before taking the bold, downward plunge which usually secured their prey. During the fishing flight the head is held well downward, and

recruited by another and more Eastern species, which was formerly unknown in this country. Some of the terns appear to be suffering from the too great abundance of others of this genus. Thus the lovely roseate tern is reported by an observer on the coast of Brittany (Dr. Bureau) to have been driven from its nesting haunts in that locality by the stronger and more numerous common tern. No less than three colonies of these beautiful sea-birds have been thus expelled. In our own country, also, this process has been going forward, and the roseate tern has, unhappily, disappeared

from several of its former breeding haunts. The attacks of plundering egg-collectors have probably had something to do with this disappearance, however. On the Farne Islands, where these terns had almost vanished, I believe the species has been partially restored, and there is now some chance of these elegant birds being allowed to breed there in peace. A few other localities in Britain still possess in spring breeding birds of this species; but the insidious assaults of egg maniacs and collectors of rare birds render the protection of these strongholds an extremely difficult task. H. A. B.

GOAT-FARMING & GOAT-KEEPING.



ON THE BANKS OF THE LEA.

THE impression seems to have got about that there are such things as goat-farms in this country. I do not know where to find them. There are several goat-keepers who own a considerable head of stock. Mr. Birkbeck Ravenscroft has, or recently had, about fifty. Mr. Samuel Woodiwiss probably possesses some sixty, and Mr. H. E. Hughes's herd does not number fewer than forty. But I should not say that these gentlemen were goat-farmers. They have other interests than goats, and they certainly do not live on the profits accruing from goat-keeping. One large goat-keeper told me, when I asked him what his expenses were, that he was afraid to enquire; another handed me his account books in silence!

Some day, no doubt, there will be goat-farms. One can conceive of an experienced goat-keeper, content with a

small income, managing to get a tract of rough land, naturally enclosed for preference, and not too far away from a centre where invalids and children could be led to appreciate goat's milk, and by a slow and steady increasing of his stock, by unremitting personal attention, by no little skill in managing part of his land, contriving to provide winter food, and by running along with his goats,

poultry, bees and a certain amount of gardening, to make a goat-farm pay. But successful goat-farming depends on a greater public demand for goat's milk than exists at present, and also on a remunerative average milk yield, such as

will no doubt become more common as goats are more generally bred for milk, and as fresher blood of good milking strains is imported from the Continent. At the present time not one of the three leading milk companies in London is open to purchase goat's milk, and the ordinary run of doctor is still ignorant of its value. In the meantime, it is perfectly plain that what we have to deal with is goat-keeping,

not goat-farming. Goat-keeping on a small scale is undoubtedly profitable. There are also, of course, many men and women who, like the goat-keepers mentioned, will keep a number of goats partly as a hobby and partly with a view to encouraging goat-keeping by the production of a high class of stock. It is very interesting to compare notes with fellow-goat-keepers on both a large and a small scale. In my book ("The Case for the Goat") there are seventy-five pages of memoranda



OF VENERABLE ASPECT.



A GOOD MILKING TYPE.



BY PLEASANT WATERS.

on goat-keeping by a couple of dozen people of experience, from peeresses to farmers. The note of all these communications is one of appreciation of the inexpensively fed and housed giver of a non-tuberculous milk of a richer quality than that yielded by the average cow. The list of new members which appears in every issue of the monthly Circular of the Goat Society shows that goat-keeping is spreading in Great Britain. It is much to be wished that people in the country should set a good example in further popularising an animal the milk of which duchesses' and labourers' families have found so serviceable.

With a view to this article I lately visited Mr. H. E. Hughes of Broxbourne, who has shown a great deal of enthusiasm in his goat-keeping and has had considerable experience of the "poor man's cow." He has made all sorts of experiments, and has given an effective illustration of his belief in the health-giving character of goat's milk by bringing up his little girls on it. In their plumpness and in their rosy faces there is seen a striking advertisement of what the goat can do for children. Mr. Hughes is one of the many people who, having once appreciated the advantage of drinking goat's milk, are always unwilling to accept the substitute from the cow. The Duchess of Hamilton takes her goats to London along with her young people; Mr. Bryan Hook has been in the habit of taking his goats with his family to the seaside. I have published in my book and elsewhere a number of estimates as to the financial side of goat-keeping on a reasonable scale. Here is a new one which Mr. Hughes was good enough to supply as we walked along the towpath of the Lea, where his goats were browsing in much contentment. He assumes the possession of four £5 goats. He thinks that, taking the year through—the yield, of course, falls off as the time of kidding recedes—goats of this value may be depended upon to produce an average of

2½ pints a day. It would be something like this: The animals would give, say, 4 pints daily each for the first three months after kidding, 3 pints for the second three months, 2 pints for the third and 1 pint for the fourth. The total yield of the four goats in the year would be 3,650 pints. The price of cow's milk is 3d. and 4d. a quart. Goat's milk is undoubtedly worth 5d. to 6d. Mr. Hughes estimates it as worth 3d. a pint. The 3,650 pints may be valued, therefore, at £45. Against this income is to be set the cost of the four £5 goats (£20) and the cost of food at, say, 9d. a week each (£7 16s.), or a total of £27 16s. against £45, thus leaving the substantial balance of £17 4s. and the goats. It is obvious that these figures leave room for some expenditure for labour and cost of housing and also for insurance; but the most profitable goat-keeping must always depend on the practical elimination of hired labour and the substitution of a very large measure of personal attention. If it be suggested that the amount put down for food is low, the reply is that people who are prepared to buy food in large quantities will probably care more for cow-keeping than goat-keeping, and that the office of the goat is to eat up waste, and that it is invariably at its healthiest when it is fed on a varied diet. It is a poor place in the country where a considerable proportion of the rough, mixed food that goats thrive on is not available for nothing or next to nothing. Five pounds may seem a good deal

for a goat, and sometimes, certainly, a good milker may be got for less; but a young healthy goat which does not yield less than 2 quarts a day for a whole quarter of a year, which is Mr. Hughes's estimate, is obviously cheap at £5.

The goat is an accommodating animal in the matter of housing as of feeding. The experience of Mr. Hughes was given as follows: "I have for some years stalled my goats in twos; but where a number



FATHER WILLIAM.

is kept this means work, and I find the animals do better and put on more flesh when they run together about a dozen at a time. The hungry ones get more food, and they want it, because they are usually the best milkers. The feeble ones quickly learn that they must fight for their food if they are to have any, and they soon become equal to the occasion and improve their condition." Personally I also have found that goats do best loose when housed. If several feeding-places are provided, the animals soon find means of feeding in peace. Mr. Hughes was kind enough to give me a memorandum of his method of feeding: "From April to October, after a mouthful of corn, the goats are milked and turned out to grass at about 7.30 a.m. They are brought in again in the evening, when they have a little more corn, are milked and stabled for the night. I allow 1 pint of good oats per day for each goat.

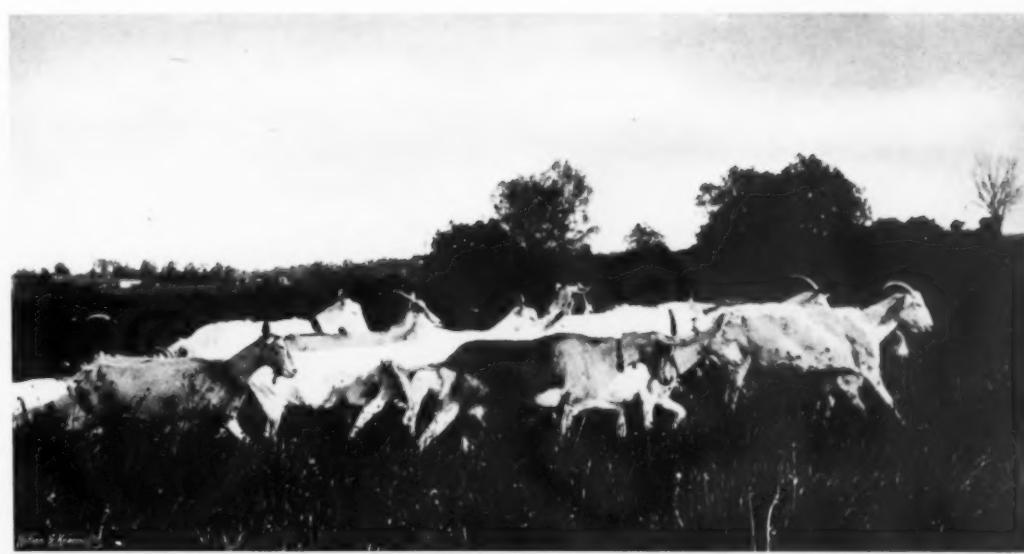
During the summer goats are in full profit, look at their best and are practically no trouble. If one could only strike a balance for these months alone the profit would be exceptionally good. Winter feeding is quite a different matter. The great difficulty is to find a sufficient variety of food; the food cannot be too varied. I usually give middlings first thing, as much as they will eat up clean, and hay and water. Midday, there are mangels and bran, hay and any green food available. Maize stalks and leaves form an excellent food for them for October and November.

Salt should be on hand." For bedding Mr. Hughes is ceasing to use straw and is going in for sawdust, which he is able to buy at 6d. a cartload. Peat moss he does not like because the goats get dirty. Straw, he finds, is costly when used in sufficient quantities. Some goat-keepers believe in their animals standing on frames of wood, but Mr. Hughes has given these up, "as they are always dirty." My own experience is in favour of littering the goat-house and goat-yard, to which access may be had at all times by the goats. I also provide a number of benches. I find that the littering keeps the place

clean, and is the means of providing, with very little trouble and no waste, a large amount of valuable manure. The goats invariably prefer to pass the night on the benches, but they rest on the litter from time to time during the day.

I may just add with regard to the price of goats that it was only the other month that two goats, included in a cattle sale, fetched at auction 10 guineas and 15 guineas apiece. With regard to yields, the official Circular says that 2 quarts a day is as much as can be expected from the best stock which is not in the Herd Book. An ordinary goat, this authority goes on, gives from 2½ pints to 3 pints a day. I find that the average yield in a day of the ten nannies tested at the 1907 Dairy Show was 4.32lb., the average number of days since kidding being 224. One goat, which had kidded as long as 635 days before, yielded in the day 3.40lb. of milk. If there are any points in connection with goat-keeping that are not touched on in this article, which for reasons of space must necessarily be restricted in scope, I shall be happy to deal with them in answer to correspondents in another issue.

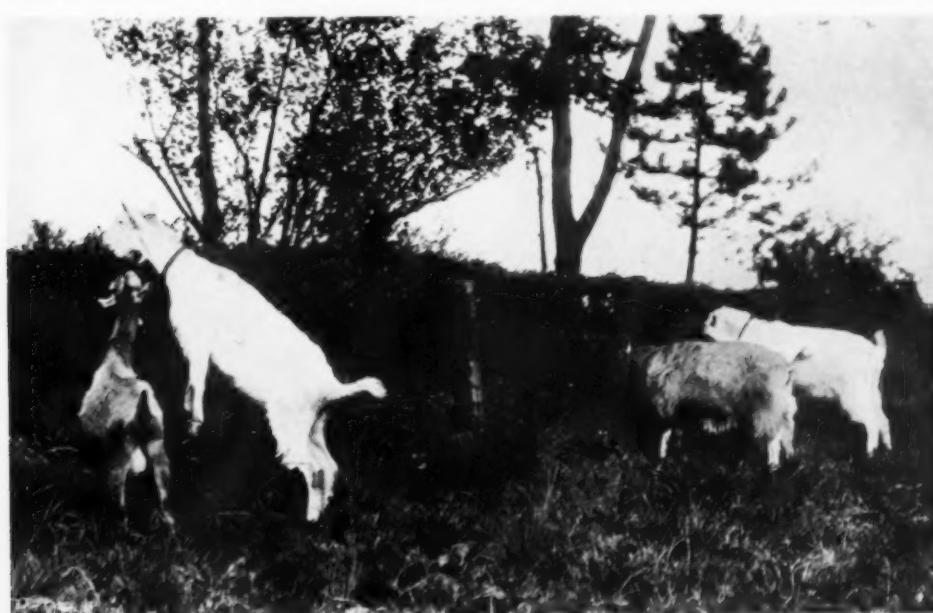
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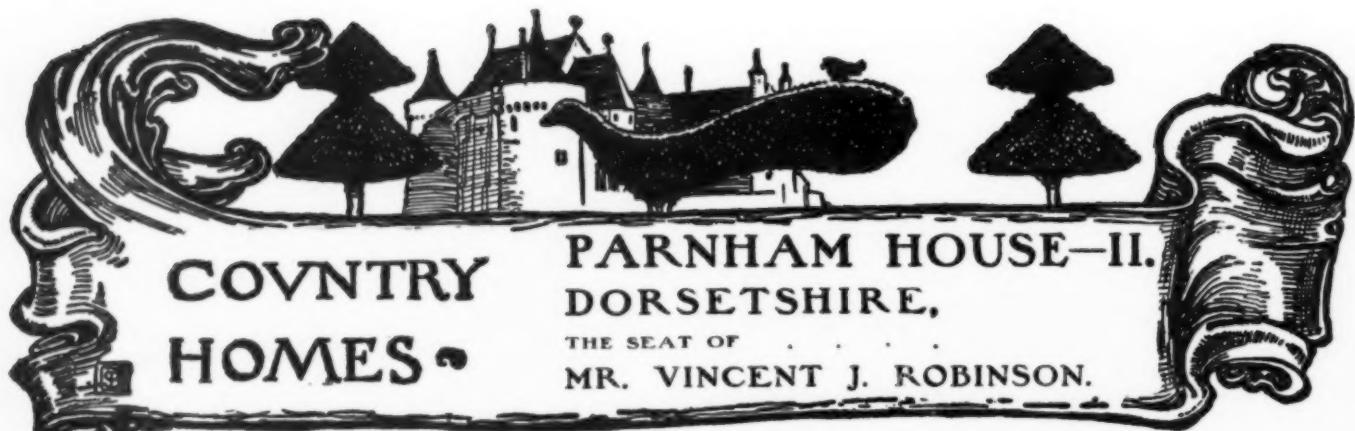
ON THEIR WAY IN TO BE MILKED.



A GROUP OF KIDS.



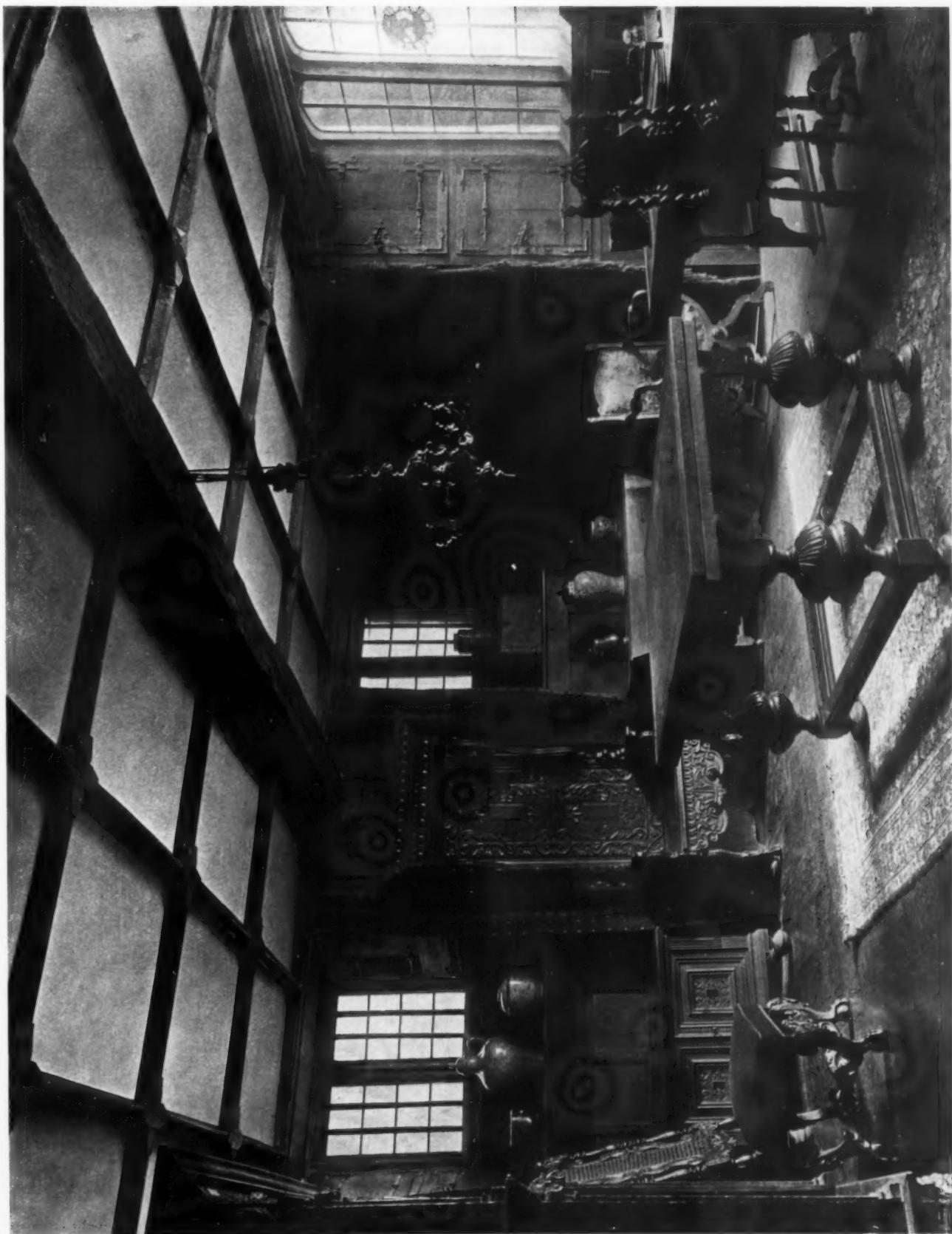
ON THE ROADSIDE.



RICHARD DE OKELANDRE, we are told, came over from Caen in Normandy with William the Conqueror and, accompanying William Fitz-Osborne in his expedition to subdue the Isle of Wight, became Lord of Nunwell. In Edward II.'s time we find Henry Oglander holding the manor of Nunwell of the honour of the Castle of Carisbrooke. There his descendants remained seated to our own day, and of them Sir John Oglander was a strong supporter of Charles I.'s prerogatives. As Deputy-Governor of the Isle of Wight he was an active raiser of ship-money, and a fighter for his King when the sword was drawn. So likewise was his son William, who, in consideration of his own and his father's sufferings for the Royal cause, was made a baronet after the Restoration. His grandson, Sir William, the third baronet, was, in 1699, married to Elizabeth Strode in the chapel which her ancestor had built at his house of Chantemarle in 1619. These two did not live to come into the Strode inheritance, which fell to their son Sir John in 1764 on the death of the last of the Strodes. There is evidence that the later Strodes left their mark on Parnham. The staircase is

a good example of the style which obtained about 1700. Nor is it a solitary example of the taste of this period. There are rooms with panelling and mantel-pieces of the same date, and the stables are not much later. But the first half-century of the Oglander régime was one of neglect. Nunwell was their chief seat, and the Dorset estate was a source of revenue rather than a place of residence. It was during this time that several features mentioned in the 1628 survey disappeared. The very position of the gatehouse is now unknown. Nor is there a trace of the schoolhouse, the fish-ponds and the grist-mill which are recorded in Sir John Strode's manuscript. With the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, a new era set in. Parnham became once more an object of interest, but it is a question whether the attention it then received was not more fatal to its architectural value than the preceding neglect. Sir William Oglander, the sixth baronet, was born five years after his grandfather inherited Parnham, and when, on reaching middle age, he became head of the family, he determined to make Parnham once more a family home. For this it needed "improvements." It was out of repair and did not





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE OAK PARLOUR.

possess the accommodation and the arrangement which had become requisite. About 1810, therefore, Sir William put it into the hands of John Nash, who had become the most fashionable and influential architect of the day. John Nash was a Welshman, born in 1762. He was a pupil of Sir Robert Taylor, who, with William Chambers and Robert Adam, was the leading exponent of Classical architecture during the earlier part of George III.'s reign. Young Nash, however, soon left London

ready to manipulate the Gothic as he was the classic style as he understood, or rather misunderstood, it, and in both cases iron girders and stucco were his favourite materials:

Augustus at Rome was for building renown'd,
For of marble he left what of brick he had found,
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
He finds us all brick, and he leaves us all plaster.

Fortunately, even Nash could find no excuse for treating the



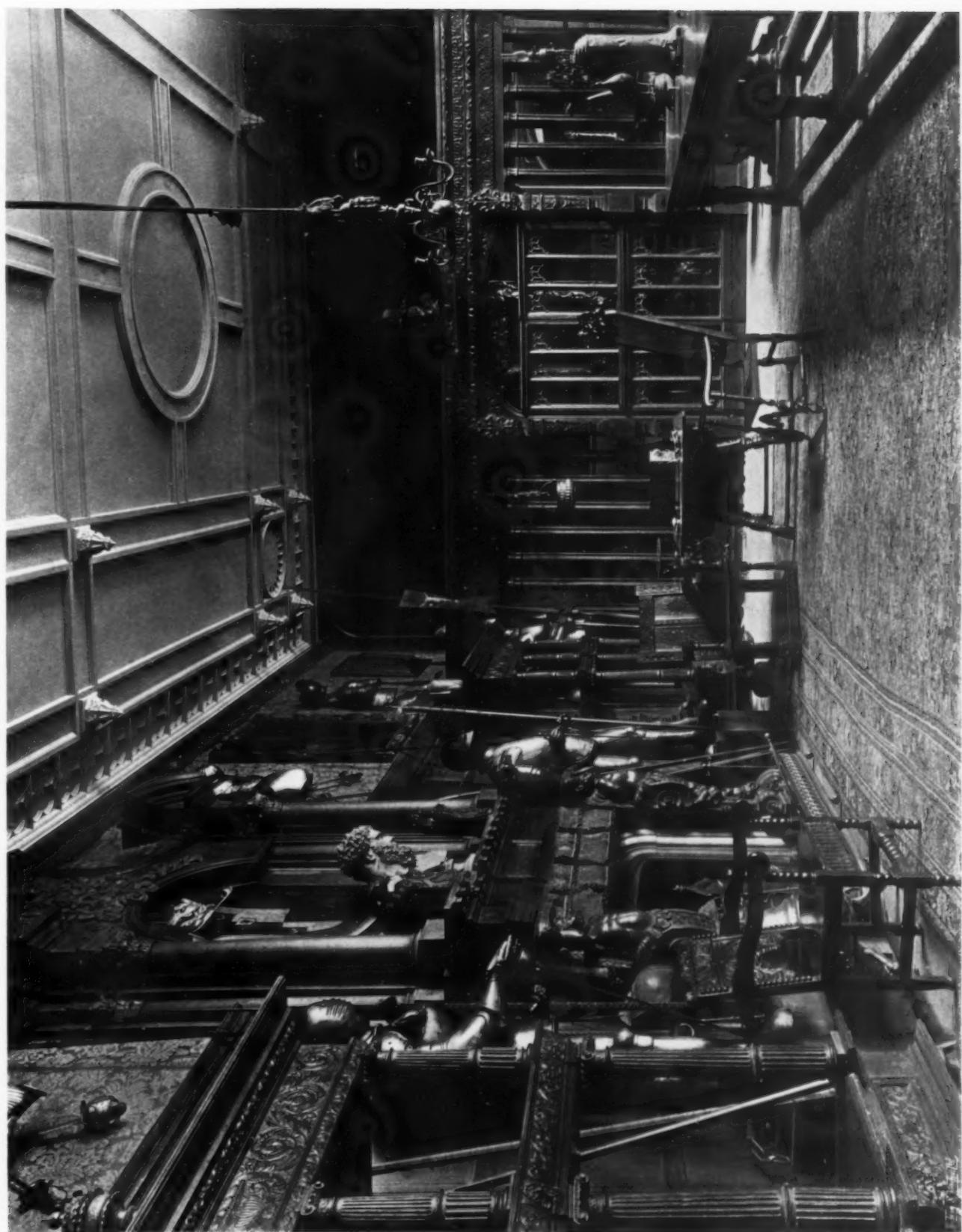
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IN THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and retired to a property he owned in Carmarthenshire. Thence he was brought back to the practice of the profession by the persuasion of his fellow-pupil, Cockerell. If he had nothing else, he evidently had business capacity. He became the favourite architect of George IV. while still Prince Regent, and he gave us Regent Street, Buckingham Palace and the Brighton Pavilion. But he became especially the vogue as a "remodeller" of mansions, from Windsor Castle to Parnham. He was equally

east front of Parnham in his favourite manner. He confined himself mainly to additions towards the west and to a general rearrangement of the interior. The hall, up to this time, retained the Gothic features of occupying the whole width of the central portion of the house and of being lit from both side walls; having, that is, windows looking west as well as those showing on the eastern elevation. The wings stretched out on either side, so that the house, though unsymmetrical, was, roughly

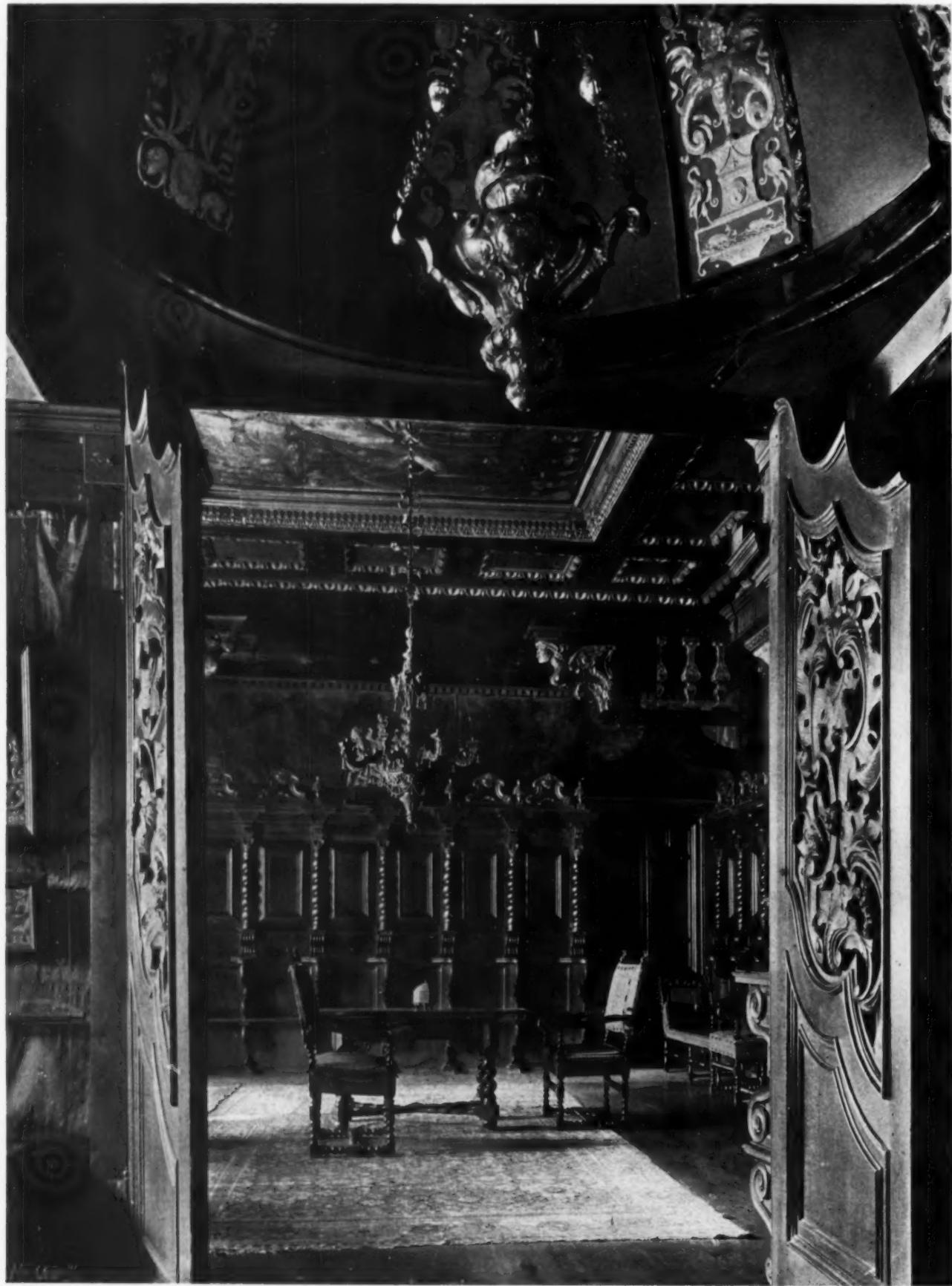


"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE HALL.

speaking, H shaped. Nash blocked up the western windows of the hall and filled in the space between the wings on that side with a large dining-room, which he lit with wooden-framed Strawberry Hill Gothic windows. His other alterations were of the same type; but as Mr. Vincent Robinson has swept them away and has left few traces of either the structural or decorative work of this time no further attention need be wasted upon them. Sir Henry Oglander, seventh baronet, who died in 1874, was the last male in direct descent from his namesake who held Nunwell in the days of the second Edward, and the name of Oglander only remains connected with Nunwell through its

assumption by Mr. J. H. Glynn, a relative in the female line, who came into the Isle of Wight estates when Lady Louisa Oglander, Sir Henry's widow, died in 1894. Parnham then passed by will to Admiral O'Brien, and he was staying at the Beaminster hotel arranging for alterations at his new inheritance when he caught a chill and died. The property soon after came into the market, and was purchased by Mr. Vincent Robinson in 1896. The many illustrations which accompany this article give a good idea of the interior revolution which the new owner instituted. Except where Nash had tampered with it, the exterior, still essentially





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DINING-ROOM CHIMNEY-PIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the work of the sixteenth century, has remained untouched. The wooden windows of the new dining-room were replaced by stone mullions of the seventeenth century, brought, by permission of Lord North, from Wroxton Abbey. Other windows of the original date of the house which Nash had blocked up were opened out again, and, generally speaking, the outer walling of the Nash additions has been brought into line with the Henry VIII. character of the house. Outside, therefore, Mr. Vincent Robinson's object has been to give full prominence and effect to the ancient home of the Strodes as they built it, and to keep all later work in harmonious subordination. But inside it was impossible to do anything of the kind, for everywhere it showed evidence of Nash's hand. It therefore became a fitting receptacle for Mr. Robinson's great collection of ancient furniture, fittings and pictures, mainly

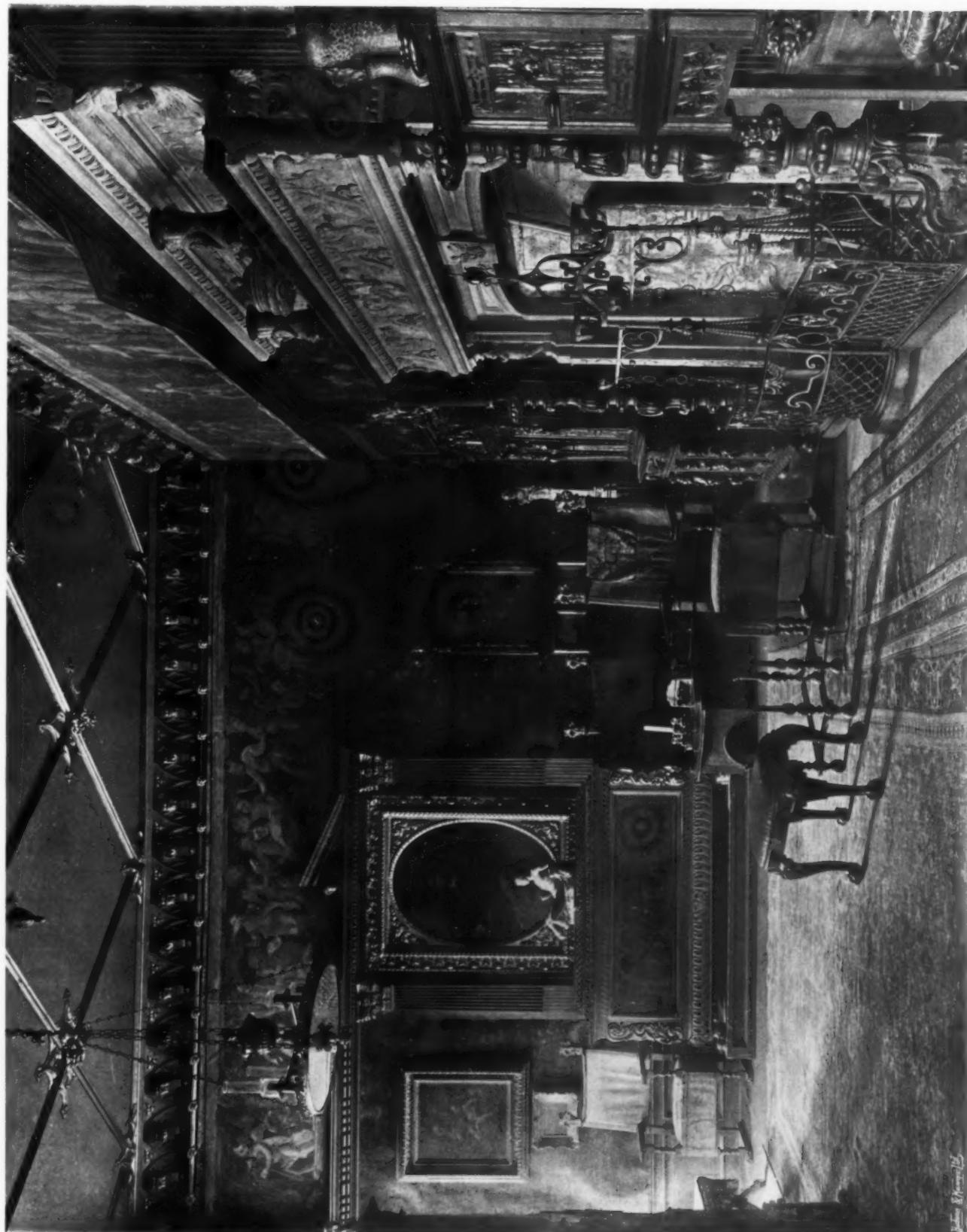
of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but gathered from many countries. Hence the contrast between exterior and interior; between last week's pictures and those of to-day. Those of last week—though there were certain added and extraneous garden features—brought before our minds the past history of a special neighbourhood. They depicted a house built of local materials, by local craftsmen, for a local family. Therein lay their interest and their romance. But these pictures of to-day introduce us to rooms which only to-day could have produced. The objects and materials, indeed, are all old, but their conjunction, in great though harmonious variety, in abundant though ordered quantity, tells of a wholly modern possibility when an intelligent love of the fine craftsmanship of former ages, meeting the cosmopolitan spirit and developed modes of transit, has allowed of the gathering together under the



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

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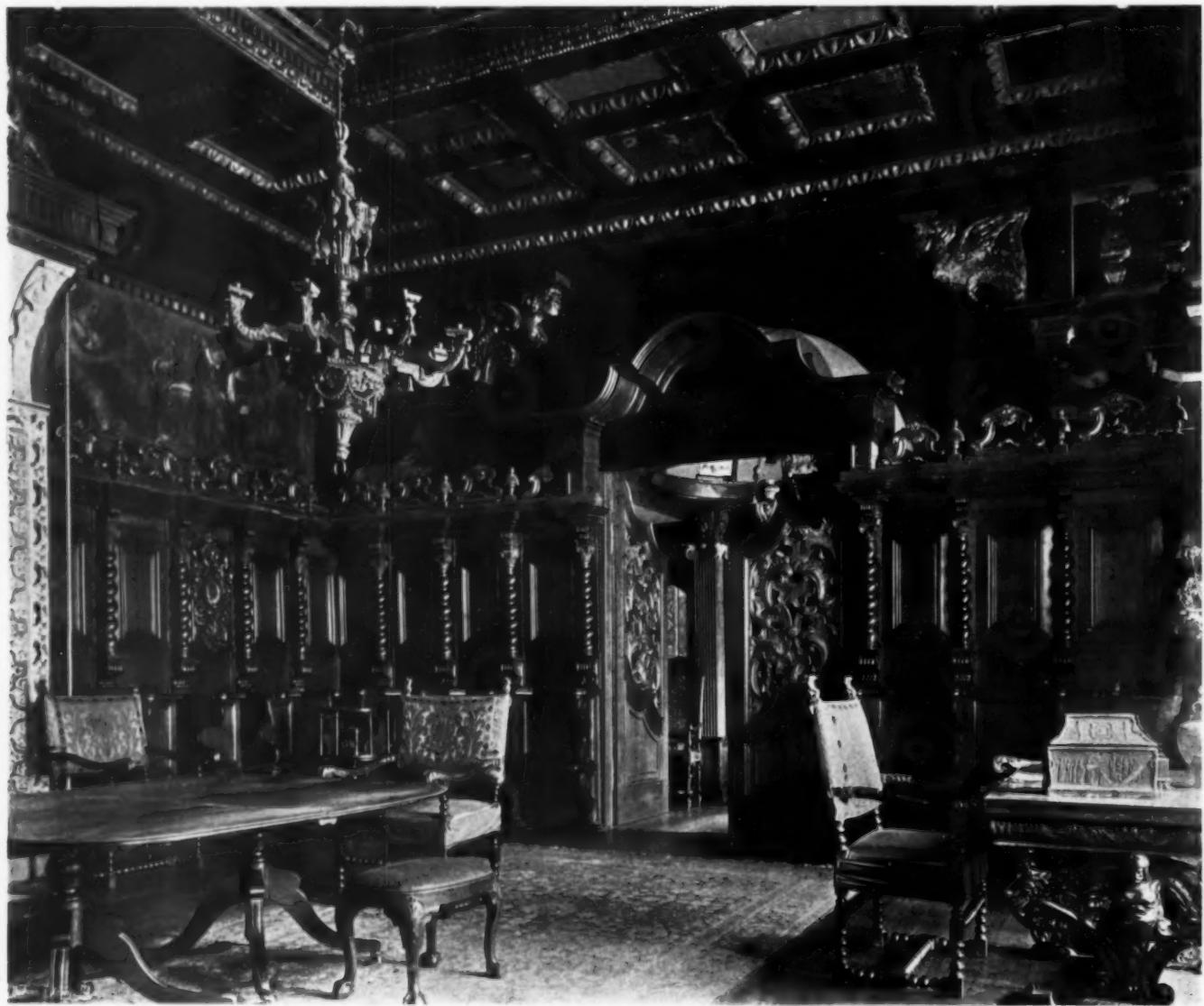
PART OF THE DINING-ROOM.

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roof of a private gentleman of an abundant wealth of the splendid products of the work-hops and studios of many a clime. Parnham is now a house where days of study may be spent; where almost every one of the innumerable objects that are fitted into or set about its rooms may rejoice the heart of the connoisseur and train the mind of the student. But though so many places have been ransacked and so many countries are represented, Mr. Vincent Robinson's collection is no haphazard agglomeration of discordant elements. He was always a great lover of our Tudor style of architecture, and his many Continental wanderings led to his acquisition of numerous fine objects of foreign, and especially of Italian, origin, but of the same age. If, then, the unity of place has not been observed in this dramatic display, the unity of time has received due attention, and the Parnham furniture is largely of that Renaissance period when Robert, Richard and John Strode lived and built. Indeed, the most noticeable object of earlier date which the house contains—the late Gothic chimney beam of oak in the oak parlour—is one which is no importation, but is an invaluable relic of the older Parnham, which Robert Strode

the Gothic panelling on the beam places it at the same date, and bears out the view held by antiquarians, that the house which Robert Strode "re-edified and enlarged" had been built about 1500. The furniture of the oak parlour is mostly Flemish, and the shutters are of the kind prevalent in the many late sixteenth century houses of Antwerp, which the modern development of that city has swept away. The tiles that fill in the chimney-place are Spanish, having come, with many others at Parnham, from the *patios* of a Moorish palace at Seville. Though their origin is therefore Oriental, yet they strike no discordant note. The bare, indeed, might well have occurred in a Western bestiary of the late mediæval period. The aperture to the right of the chimney-place is the old buttery hatch, discovered behind Nash's prevalent lath-and-plaster partitions and wall-paper decorations. It is at the right place and opens on to the hall screens. No screens, or any other original feature, were left in the hall by Nash, except the east windows with their fine heraldic glass of the Strode family. Nor does any of Nash's work remain there, except the crest and the coat of the Olanders, quartering Strode and other families, over the



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DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

so largely remodelled and rebuilt. And yet it is one of Mr. Robinson's introductions. The explanation of this paradox is an interesting little tale. Nash was possessed of the true Gothic Revivalist spirit—hardly extinct in our own day—of much preferring his own bastard work to that of the original mediæval builders. He therefore tore out much which he found at Parnham. Among the "old rubbish" were this chimney beam and the hall door. Luckily there were, even at that date, men who appreciated such things, and these two pieces were removed to a house near Taunton. Much about the time of Mr. Robinson's purchase of Parnham, they were offered to him by the executors of the lady who had next possessed them, and he bought them. To his delight and surprise he afterwards learnt from an antiquarian their origin and history, and after about a century of absence they have got back to the place of their origin. What chimney the beam once spanned is not known. It is now in one of the low rooms north of the porch which are held to have originally formed part of the Henry VII. house. The character of

fireplace. All else has had to be renewed by Mr. Robinson. We find here partly English and partly Flemish workmanship. The screen dates from the earlier, and the panelling from the later, half of the sixteenth century; of the same date as the panelling, is the grand, solid, six-legged table, while there are good chairs of both that period and of Charles II.'s time. All these are English, but the tall and elaborately-carved sideboards on either side of the fireplace are Flemish. Passing hence into the drawing-room, we see around us the productions of Southern artists and craftsmen. The mantel-piece of Istrian marble is a fine example of Venetian work of the Renaissance epoch. Its main frieze shows by its sculptured scroll that it was made for a merchant prince of the Queen of the Sea. The winged marine monsters twine their tails in pairs around a trident. The walls are hung with Cordova leathers, above which is a painted frieze of remarkable merit. This choir of amorini came from a church in Genoa, having been painted by Pietro del Vaga, whose frescoes still adorn the Palazzo Doria in that city. A gilt and painted *cassone* of great size and elaboration, and whose panel, painted by Dello Delli, represents

a procession of which Philosophy is the central figure, occupies the centre of the western end of this room, and in the pilastered and pedimented panel above it is hung Domenichino's portrait of Cardinal Barberini, one of Horace Walpole's choice possessions scattered at the Strawberry Hill sale. The more recent impecuniosity of another Norfolk family has likewise enriched the walls of Parnham's great parlour, on which hang two portraits originally part of the Townshend collection at Rainham. Here, too, on an easel, is the small

Mr. Vincent Robinson first saw them in their original home, the sacristy of a Brescian church. The priest said they were for sale, but the visitor declined to be a party to stripping the church of its fittings. The priest replied that this was a mistaken scruple, that they must be sold and that if he did not acquire them someone else would. And someone else did in the person of an Italian artist named Pinti, who brought them to London, but ultimately died much in debt, when there was a sale of all his possessions. So the stalls became Mr. Robinson's after all, and lend much



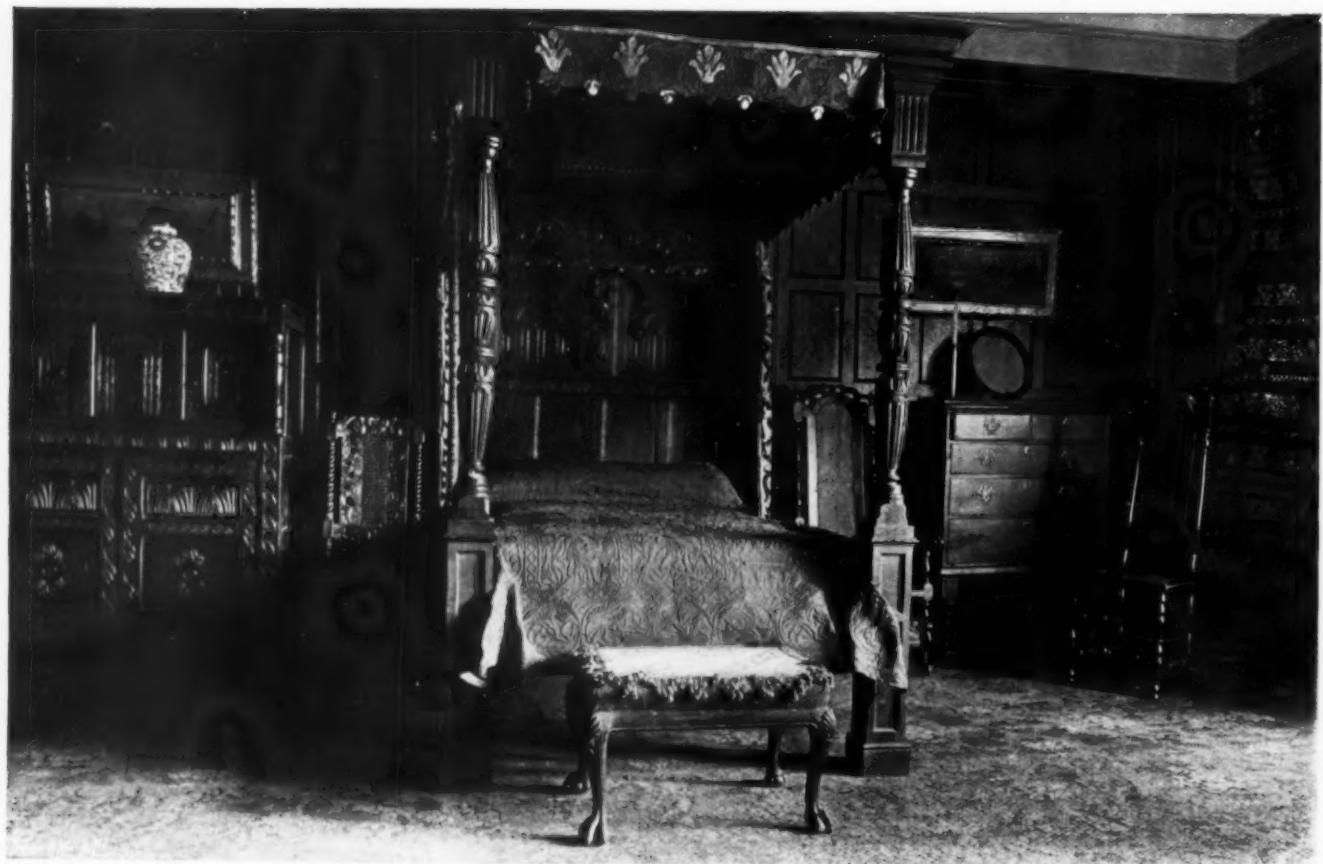
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FORMERLY IN THE HAUNTED CHAMBER AT LITTLECOTE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Bull by Paul Potter" originally in the possession of the Duc de Choiseul. Further description of the works of art that make this apartment a museum of gems is unnecessary, since it is hoped shortly to give in these pages special illustrations of some of Mr. Vincent Robinson's most remarkable pieces of furniture. But a few words must be said as to the fixtures in the dining-room. There is no longer a visible trace of Nash in this portion of the house which he erected. The chief features now are the seventeenth century Italian stalls which line the room.

dignity and presence to the ample room they now adorn. Indeed, the room was rather large both for them and for the comfort and uses of the owner. They are, therefore, returned, before the south end of the room is reached, in the manner of a screen. Thus the visitor passes through a double gateway of carved and perforated panels into a lobby occupying the space between the end of the stall-work and the library. This arrangement admitted of appropriately placing another of Mr. Robinson's Italian treasures, the exquisite set of earthenware panels shaped to form part of a small dome,



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THE KING'S ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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GOTHIC CHIMNEY CANOPY IN THE OAK PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

After the manner of Della Robbia, the delicately modelled Renaissance ornamentation is white, but raised up from a coloured background, and the whole is glazed. That no room lacks careful treatment and abundant fine furniture may be judged by the two illustrations of bedrooms which are given. In both cases the elaborate woodwork of the Elizabethan bedsteads is heightened by the splendour of appliquéd valances and hangings. Every section of the house—nay, every corner—possesses some object that arrests attention. If any criticism may be offered, it is that the house is too full; that the effect is rather bewildering and overwhelming to the brain. Parnham is a house of

numerous and of spacious rooms. But Mr. Vincent Robinson is a collector of such liberality of acquisition and catholicity of taste that Parnham is almost bursting with the valuables that it contains. Many, indeed, have never found a place, and there are stores of stuff, cases of objects, piles of panelling, still awaiting treatment in the workshop and in the vast attic space, which would be enough of themselves to satisfy the yearnings of most lovers of the antique. Mr. Robinson is equipped not merely to furnish a Parnham, but to fill a Knole or a Hatfield. It is a pleasure indeed to linger amid so many beautiful things and to hear from their owner the varied, and often romantic, tales of their acquisition.

T.

THE COTTINGHAM STUD.

BY his father before him, and by Mr. J. Simons Harrison, the present owner, the Cottenham Stud has been made famous as a place where the scientific breeding of thorough-breds has been carried to a high standard of perfection. Nature cannot be compelled to do our bidding; conspicuous and inexplicable failures may be the result of the most carefully-thought-out crossing of different strains. But a breeder who knows the Stud Book so well, is such an excellent judge of what a horse should be, and so conversant with the best methods of rearing thorough-breds as is Mr. Simons Harrison, breeds with at least the "probabilities" of success in his favour. To glance over the list of the young stock bred at or sold out of the stud is to recall many of the most interesting episodes of modern Turf history, and it is to be hoped that some day or other Mr. Simons Harrison may find time to compile a complete record of their doings, together with that of the owners, trainers and riders with whom their successes have been associated. Between them 105 animals have won up to date well over 145,000 sovereigns in stake money. Nineteen fillies from the stud have produced forty-two winners, whose winning total amounts to just under 82,000 sovereigns. In other words, animals sold out of the stud have



W. A. Rouch

FILLY BY ROCK SAND—STOLEN LOVE.

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earned for their purchasers in one way or another more than 225,000 sovereigns—a record of which the present owner of the stud may be proud.

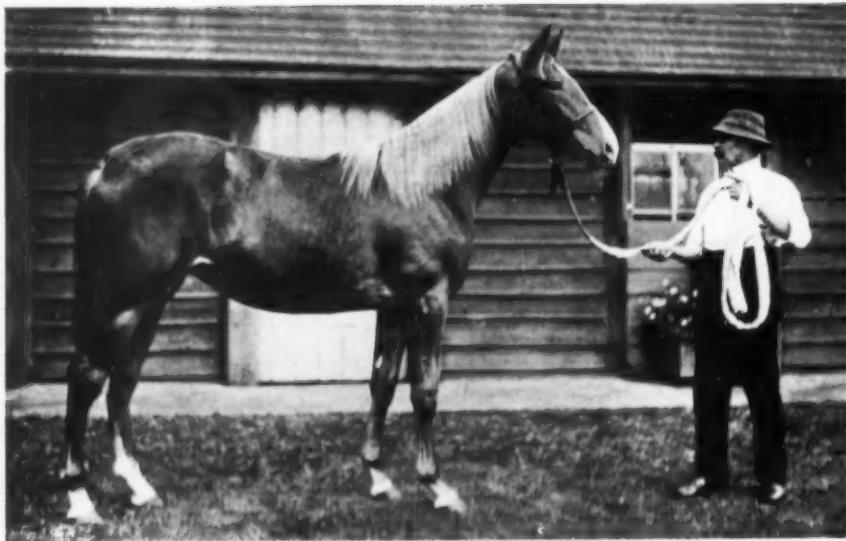
The Cottenham team for Doncaster next week consists of five yearlings, of which only one is a colt; but the youngsters are a level, well-grown lot, and ought to maintain fully the reputation of the stud. Taking them in the order in which they appear in the catalogue, the first in the list is the bay colt (own brother to *Mazagan*) by *Martagon* (sire of *Wool Winder*) out of *Maize*, by *Hampton*. *Maize* herself, it may be noted, won the *Nassau Stakes*, is the dam of winners of over 8,000 sovereigns in stakes and also the grandmother of that very useful colt *Buckwheat*. Every previous colt foal out of *Maize* that has been trained has managed to win races. There are, therefore, many "probabilities" in favour of the youngster we are now looking at; nor are his looks against him, for he is a strong, well-limbed colt, thick through the heart and with plenty of reach and scope and nice quality. A brown filly by *Rock Sand* (4) out of *Stolen Love* (3) comes out next for inspection. No second look is needed to appreciate her worth; nor do I well know where even the most critical could find a fault in her. Her breeder sees in her a likeness to *La Flèche* of famous memory. Perhaps he is right, but to my mind she bears a marked resemblance to her stout-hearted sire, with the advantage on her side in the setting on of her head and



W. A. Rouch.

GUINEA HEN FILLY BY COLLAR.

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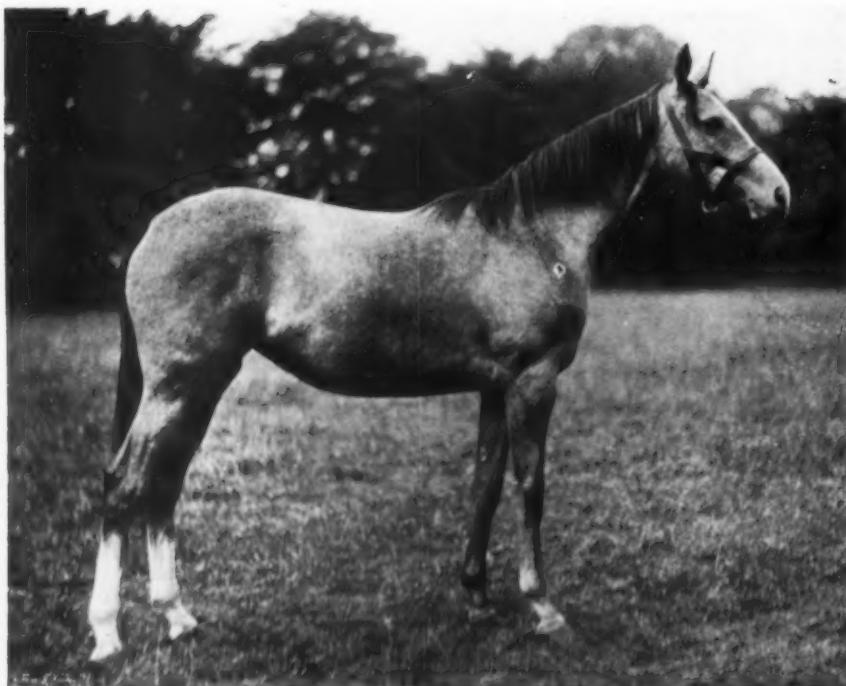
W. A. Rouch. Filly by St. Frusquin—Rosaline.

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W. A. Rouch. Colt by Martagon—Maize.

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W. A. Rouch. Filly by William III.—Sweet Hilda.

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neck and the placing of her shoulders. Be this as it may, she is a very beautiful filly indeed, full of character and quality, with strong second thighs and well-set-down hocks and great power in her deep quarters and well-turned loins. Deep of girth, beautifully balanced, with limbs like steel, and as cool as marble, race she must. Watch her even stride as she walks; note how the marks of her hind feet are brought forward in advance of those made by her fore feet; look, too, at her kindly, honest eye, and you will wish and wish again that when she comes into the ring you could stall off all opposition and make her your very own. Value her I cannot, for quite apart from the great probability of her success on the Turf, there must be taken into account her subsequent worth as a brood mare. Well, willingly as one would linger to look at such a filly as this, there are others to whom attention must be paid, and so away she goes with a playful lift of her strong quarters; and is not she good to follow? In the sense in which these last words are written, she is indeed so; but in another sense it is not good for those youngsters who have to follow her for inspection. All the more is it to the credit, therefore, of the curiously-coloured strawberry roan filly by William III. (2) out of Sweet Hilda (1) that she comes well out of the ordeal. She is a wonderfully active mover, and although very powerful, with plenty of bone, is of good class and quality, and is, moreover, a rare "doer," nor has ever once been sick or sorry. She goes a rare pace in the paddocks, and should stay into the bargain, if there is anything in breeding, for her sire, William III., was a stayer of the highest class, as was shown by his victories in the Ascot Gold Cup, the Alexandra Plate, the Doncaster Cup and other races, while her dam, Sweet Hilda, is by Pepper and Salt (sire of Grey Leg) out of Boyne, by Doncaster out of Shannon, winner of the Goodwood and Doncaster Cups. Those who have a fancy for youngsters out of mares that have bred winners will notice that both the first and second foals out of Sweet Hilda won races, and it may be added that the mare herself was sold last December to a foreign buyer for 1,450 guineas. The loose-limbed, free-moving chestnut filly that comes next is by St. Frusquin out of Rosaline (2), by Trenton out of Rosalys, by Bend Or. Like the rest of the Cottingham yearlings, she has plenty of bone, and she covers a lot of ground in her stride. Very good through the heart, and with clean, muscular limbs and great power behind the saddle, there is a lot to like about her, and, good-looking though she may be now, she is sure to go on improving as she gets her growth. But one yearling remains to be looked at—a hard, wear-and-tear-looking filly by Collar out of Guinea Hen 9, by Gallinule out of Nightmare, by Childeric. Guinea Hen was herself a winner and has recently been purchased by the King. The filly is a very racing-like youngster, with great, all-round liberty of action. A critic looking for faults might perhaps urge that she is a trifle straight in front; but what a trifle it is may be seen from the capital picture of her which accompanies these notes. Her quarters are nicely turned, she has great width of bone below the hocks, and I shall be much deceived if she does not turn out to be a very "useful" filly.

As to the manner and method in which the Cottingham yearlings are reared, a walk round the stud shows that the paddocks are very quiet and admirably sheltered, and that the greatest care is taken that no "droppings" shall remain to taint the ground. So long as this precaution is rigorously observed, and the pastures are duly fed off by beasts, land will remain free from "horse-sickness" for a very long period. Just as it is the droppings that foul poultry runs, game farms, rabbit warrens and other places where animals of any sort are continuously kept, so it is with the paddocks in which stock is reared. Keep the ground clean and wholesome, and you can go on breeding without much risk of deterioration in the stock reared upon it. For

the rest, the Cottingham youngsters live a natural outdoor life and are reared on nothing but natural food. The yearlings when "taken up" may eat well if they like, but they must also get through plenty of exercise; and in case of bad weather, instead of being shut up, they get their outing in a capital roofed-in "school" provided for the purpose. The condition of the beasts in some of the paddocks, notably of a nice lot of Cumberland "Silver Greys," shows in what good heart the pastures are, and reveals, too, the secret of the growth and development of the Cottingham bloodstock.

Among the brood mares belonging to the stud is Crusado, a mare by Uncas and dam of The Baker. Special mention is made of her because it would, I think, be very difficult to find another mare so typical of what a brood mare should be, as far as make and shape are concerned; she is at present in foal to Matchmaker. Then there are Silver Tyne, a nice quality Donovan

mare with a colt foal by Veles and in foal to William III., and All Saints, by St. Gris, in foal to Collar, to whom also has gone the good-looking and very useful mare, Guigne. Minnekota, a Minting mare, has a nice sharp-looking colt foal by Long Tom, and is in foal to John o' Gaunt. Bay Duchess, by Bay Ronald out of Harem (dam of Malua), shows a good colt foal by Matchmaker and is in foal to him again. Rosaline, by Trenton, has an upstanding filly foal by John o' Gaunt and is in foal to him again; all wings, legs and quality just now is the youngster, but we shall see a difference when another year comes round. Mino, by Minting, has been to Troutbeck, and her foal is by Mackintosh. Aliena and Terpsichore are both in foal to Fowling Piece. Chain Stitch, a mare by Common, who could gallop a bit herself in her racing days, has been mated with Bachelor's Button, and the result of the alliance is looked forward to with much hope.

T. H. B.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE GENTLE ART OF FOURSOME-PLAYING.

THE art of foursome-playing is like the art of making love, in that neither can be brought to success on strictly truthful principles. This is one of the essential truths of which it may be timely to remind the golfer at this moment, when, as a result of the many "dinner matches," wherein, as social and sociable affairs, the foursome plays a lion's share, any hints in the gentle art ought to be acceptable. "To be a good partner in a foursome," it has been written, "you must combine with purely golf-playing qualities a certain discriminating insight into human nature; you have not only to keep your own head and temper, but also to make it as easy as possible for your partner to keep his." These are really maxims which might serve as a guide for the longer partnership which sometimes follows success in that art of love-making to which the foursome-playing has been likened. If you once begin to tell your partner the truth about your opinion of his game, there is very little prospect of the termination of your union being at all in accordance with your wishes. Wherein, again, a cynic may perhaps see an analogy to the case of that partnership which should be life-long. As for the precise thickness with which you should spread the butter of flattery on the bread of counsel—that is a question which you have to answer with nice reference to the capacity of each individual partner for its assimilation.

THE COMING OF A NEW STAR.

Just lately we have had Herd, a veteran even among the veterans, defeating Harry Vardon, and, on the other hand, we have had Ray right at the head of a list in which great names were inscribed, or else equal first on it with Vardon. But perhaps Vardon has never been quite up to his very best since that most unfortunate attack of influenza which took him when he was right at the top of his game just before the championship. Then we have Duncan putting Taylor to some very shrewd tests, a more shrewd test than he could bear in the South, and handling Vardon more severely still in the North; and there are the others, such as Ball, Gray, Robson and so on; but still none of the rising stars can shine prominently in face of that great luminary whose name is Braid. Sayers certainly deserves a word of mention among the veterans. I believe he is playing better than ever he did, and that was good work on his part in partnership with Captain Cecil Hutchison, halving one round and winning one against Massy and Mr. Mansfield Hunter. Sayers had rather the stronger partner, I believe, but still it was well played. Sayers, however, is a past-master in all the gentle art of playing the foursome, to which reference has just been made. I do not suppose he ever yet got as far as Point-Garry-Out without telling the most hopeless partner that a man was ever linked with that they were bound to win the match; and that is the first and most important conviction with which to fire a partner. Duncan, however, looks most like the coming man, for the moment, able to oppose successfully the veteran brigade.

THE PLUS MAN IN AN ECLECTIC COMPETITION.

The old trouble about the right mode of dealing with the plus man in case of a competition wherein it is required to reduce the normal handicaps all round, has been cropping up again in the high altitudes of some of the

THE GENTLE ART OF FOURSOME-PLAYING.

courses in Switzerland, and a correspondent writes us a bitter lament on the subject. Generally this is a trouble arising out of a mixed competition on a short course where the men's handicaps are reduced. In this recent incident an eclectic competition was its occasion. Mr. Gaw, the amateur champion of all the mountainous courses, was specially handicapped to owe $4\frac{1}{2}$ for this particular event—his normal handicap being plus 3—"because everybody's handicap was being divided." How the wisdom of the handicapper brought out the result at $4\frac{1}{2}$, on any computation of division, we are not told. Of course, what ought to be done is for the penalty handicaps to be halved if the other handicaps are halved. The principle of the whole thing is that because of the shortness of the course or the nature of the competition the better player can only give the worse half the normal odds, and it is a principle which holds equally if a man owes twenty or if he receives twenty. Considering what a lot of counting the golfer often has to do, it is wonderful how easily his poor head gets muddled over figures. But perhaps it is much counting that has muddled him.

VARIOUS VICTORS.

As for the local tournaments and the winners of them, their name is legion and their tale a great deal too long to tell, not to say anything of Edmundson and Kidd qualifying for the Irish section in the *News of the World* Competition and of Brace as the new champion of Wales. There is Mr. S. C. Healing winning at Aberdovey (after a narrow escape from Mr. Everett, in the third round, at the nineteenth hole), with an interesting match in the final against Mr. Hemmant, another scratch player. Mr. G. K. Thomson won at Nairn, beating Mr. W. Finlay in the final. Mr. Holderness has distinguished himself at Dornoch, where, as I understand, he began to learn his golf. The best feature of the whole record is Brace's win, for he is a native Welshman of Carmarthen, and beat many Scots and other foreigners. He is engaged at Brecon as professional. In the United States the open championship stands as a tie, at the moment of writing between Willie Smith and him whom the papers speak of as "the ex-amateur Fred Macleod." I have a suspicion that this last is really Fred Mackenzie, him we know as an ex-amateur who went to be a professional in

America; but still it is a grave matter to doubt what one sees in print, even if it came by cable. At all events, they are both Scots, which is something, and America cannot yet hold its own open championship. Willie Smith, of course, we know as the man who put to the rout Andrew Kirkaldy, Herd and White. This, however, was down in Mexico, where the greens are brown and the light is a little more sunny than in the East Neuk of Fife. Smith was accustomed to these conditions, which were strange to the others.

H. G. H.

THE NEW RULES OF GOLF.

THE extraordinary general meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, presided over by Lord Stair, on Monday, was one of the most momentous gatherings in the history of the game. The object of the meeting was to consider the revision of the rules as proposed by the Rules Committee; and as several radical alterations had been suggested in the wording as well as in the penalties imposed by the rules, it was natural



BRAID GETS NEATLY OUT.

to find that, as a result of the discussion which has taken place since the draft was circulated, a good many amendments were submitted at Monday's meeting to the proposals of the Rules Committee.

Never before in the history of the game has so much general and widespread interest been shown in the revision of the rules. Hitherto the practice of St. Andrews has been to legislate largely from its own restricted point of view as to what the committee and the members there believed to be best for the playing interests of the game. The outside general body of players were not consulted as a whole as to whether or not the alteration of any rule or penalty was believed to be fair or even politic. Hence there was a good deal of the "take it or leave it" policy about the way in which St. Andrews revised the rules and left other clubs in the United Kingdom to fall into line with their wishes and to adopt their alterations in the course of play.

But the revision that has been carried out this week at St. Andrews has been based on an altered principle. St. Andrews has at last realised—*sed longo int. ratio*—that it is now universally looked upon as the figure-head of the golfing edifice, the pivot around which golf sentiment circulates, the authoritative maker and interpreter of the laws of the game for a wider playing public than that of its own numerous and illustrious membership. For the first time this year, therefore, St. Andrews has taken the whole golfing world into its confidence by circulating a couple of months ago a draft copy of the proposed new revisions and alterations which were submitted to the extraordinary general meeting of the club on Monday last. It was a wise policy, and it has produced beneficial result. The Rules Committee invited comments and suggestions from golfers everywhere, and it is needless to say that their invitation was not neglected by golfers who have long thought that the inequalities, deficiencies and securities of the old code of rules were far from being a credit to the game. The committee were bombarded with letters from clubs and individual golfers dealing with the details of the revision. In an official letter of grateful recognition issued a fortnight ago, the Rules Committee assured all the correspondents that punctuation, phrasology and uniformity of diction in the wording of the rules were being carefully

considered, and that commas in the wrong place were being put in the right place in the remodelled structure of the sentences.

What then has been the general result of the meeting? In the first place, it has been agreed to alter the "out of bounds" penalty from the simple loss of distance to a penalty of stroke and distance. This is the alteration which has excited the keenest controversy among golfers all over the country. The change was objected to because it would lead to timid play off the tee when private property skirted the hole and when there was danger of the wind carrying a ball outside the limits of the course. On the other hand, the Rules Committee and those who supported their arguments were right when they pleaded that a good straight ball on the course was often lost in a rough lie, with the result that the better-played shot was punished with the loss of the hole, while the bad shot enjoyed exceptionally favourable treatment. The committee have, therefore, carried their point of altering the rule to stroke and distance.

The next important change made is the alteration of the penalty for a lost ball in match play. Those at the meeting have been apparently convinced that they ought to be logical in their scale of penalties, and hence the golfers at St. Andrews have agreed to abolish the "lost ball, lost hole" rule in match play and to assimilate this rule with the medal play rule of stroke and distance penalty. The change is sound, logical and fair; but one is afraid to think of the terrible bickerings that may arise on all crowded greens when players come back to play another ball.

The casual water difficulty on the putting green has always created a great deal of soreness. Sometimes a miniature lake, lying in a hollow, intervened between the player and the hole, and he had to pitch over the water hazard with a mashie. Now a change has been carried in the rule, giving the player the right to lift his ball out of the water and to place it somewhere on the putting green, but not nearer the hole, whence he can have a clear putt to the hole without the obstacle of intervening water. These are the main changes agreed to by the meeting on Monday; but the alterations in the rules will not be finally approved until the St. Andrews business meeting, held at the close of September.

A. J. R.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FIRES IN COUNTRY HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your article on country house fires and Mr. Pearson's letter on fire detectors are most valuable, and, as I have had some rather costly experience in the matter of fires, I venture some observations, in the hope that they may be of interest to your readers, and as indicating how futile even complete fire-combating provisions may be in cases of an outbreak occurring in the night, or where there may be delay in obtaining effective help. I am the general manager of some large works in the country, situated about a mile from the nearest fire brigade. There is nothing specially hazardous about the industry carried on in these works, and there is a proper installation of high-pressure hydrants, fire-buckets and appliances, yet we have suffered from no fewer than three fires within a period of about five years, occurring in each instance many hours after the building had been safely closed for the night, and from no cause arising from carelessness, or from the nature of the business itself. In each case there was evidence that the fire had been smouldering for several hours, and had there been any safeguard, as suggested by Mr. Pearson, the trouble would have been discovered long before any mischief could happen. As it was, there was delay until the fire showed itself by bursting through the roof, and further delay in summoning myself and the brigade. Fortunately, in two cases our own installation was sufficiently powerful to hold the fire in check until the arrival of the brigade; but in the meantime some thousands of pounds of damage was done, which would certainly have been saved had we been fortunate enough to have had the aid of a modern automatic fire alarm. I feel so convinced that this method of protection is the best means of avoiding all possibility of a serious fire that I am getting estimates for the safeguarding of my premises with an automatic fire alarm. I am further of the opinion that a time will soon arrive when this principle will be recognised as a measure of national expediency, and the adoption of automatic fire detectors will become compulsory in all large, isolated, or dangerously situated premises.—J. D. GEDDES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "T." refers to a fire that occurred at Erddig Park, near Wrexham, and says that a smell of fire was noticed for some time previously in the attics. The following may, perhaps, elucidate the mystery. In my uncle's house, in Devonshire, it was discovered that the stonework of one of the chimney-stacks that ran through the roof was merely made of rough limestone with wide mortar joints. From age and the heat of the flames the mortar had become loose, and, I think, some pieces had fallen out. So, of course, the sparks and smoke could get through into the roof. Had this not been discovered, exactly what your correspondent describes would have taken place. Perhaps I might add that a coating of cement was considered the best remedy.—W. H. B.

A COUNTY COUNCIL ENQUIRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—"Inquirer" is a pessimist inventing imaginary evils. The real work of our Cambridgeshire enquiries was not done before the enquiry was held. The personal interview of the applicant under conditions in which he can freely talk about his position, experience and means, without fear or favour, is the real work of an enquiry, and the only one under which members of a County Council can form an opinion worth having. In our county only a small number of the applicants were found to be unsatisfactory, although in a number of cases it was thought desirable to reduce the amount of land

first applied for. Applicants refused land by a County Council have their remedy under the Act, and can appeal to the Commissioners. One of the Chief Commissioners attended an early enquiry held in Cambridgeshire, and the Board of Agriculture approves our proceedings. There is no contravention of its rules. The Board of Agriculture has issued certain model rules for the consideration of the County Councils. Each county makes its own rules with the approval of the Board; but these rules do not concern the enquiries, but the method of dealing with the land when obtained and its subdivision among the applicants, to which there is no reference in my letter. "Inquirer" says, "it would be interesting to hear what action the eligible applicants who are not provided with land take in the county Mr. Fordham describes." My county committee hope to be able to find land for all eligible applicants, and if "Inquirer" will exercise a little patience and give the Act time to work, he may in the course of the next year or two hear more about it.—ERNEST O. FORDHAM.

ROMSEY ABBEY IN DANGER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Poets have extolled on the political sins that have been committed under cloak of the word *Liberty*. Are they not equalled by the architectural sins committed under the cloak of the word *Restoration*? I commend this idea to the notice of the Laureate. If he accepts it, I can suggest to him a flagrant case of immediate interest. Last year a successful and even profitable pageant was held in Broadlands Park, which lies just outside Romsey town, and it was decided that the proceeds should be devoted to restoration work connected with Romsey's famous abbey church. "Restoration" is undeniably an expression of great elasticity. It very often means—I wish I could say has meant—destroying all the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth century features of a church and replacing them with modern imitations of thirteenth or fourteenth century work, on the plea that some portions of the church with which the architect happens to be in sympathy date from the earlier time. Sometimes even this faint excuse for the exercise of man's destructive instincts cannot be made use of, and in such case the expression "conjectural restoration" has been found very useful. But even that will not cover the brilliant idea of the Romsey "restorers," and the phrase-maker must rack his brains for something new. The "restoration work" to which they urge that the Broadlands pageant money should be devoted is to take the form of a brand-new two-storeyed porch, in modern imitation of the Early English style, which is to be set up against and built into the western end of the north side of the church! As *conjecture* fails here, *tradition* is brought in. It is to be a traditional restoration! Far underground at this point there are some foundations. What building stood on them is a delightful problem of evergreen interest to antiquarians, because it admits of no solution but of many theories. There are supporters of the porch idea, and they claim that tradition places it there in the fourteenth century. There are others who deny this *in toto*. One group suggests a cloister, or some other conventional building; another can only see in these foundations a remnant of high walls built for the protection of the convent, which, besides the abbess and her nuns, sheltered many noble and occasionally even Royal ladies. Nothing is certain except that the building must anyhow have been 40ft. long, for that stretch of foundations remains. Granted that there was a porch, and that what was and is not should be new built—and this is granting a great deal—the new porch should be 40ft. long. Nothing of the sort is proposed. The neo-Gothic annex—for the erection of which those in charge of the abbey seek a faculty—will only cover 16ft. of these foundations. It is, therefore, not restoration, it is not conjectural, it is not traditional. What

is it? I confess that to me it seems madness. The abbey church of Romsey, though restoration has, perhaps, already made it less interesting than it was a while ago, is a priceless historical monument and a glorious architectural survival. It is the one Nun's church of importance which has come down to us. It is as rich, if not richer, in pure Norman architecture than any other parish church in England. It is very complete and satisfying in its outlines and in its general tone of age. Why graft a staring, an incongruous and a fanciful erection on to it? Even the mere material plea of modern convenience cannot be used. The vast edifice has ample room in its unseated portion for the setting down of waterproofs and wraps on rainy days, which is, I am told, one of the weighty arguments of the promoters of the porch scheme. As against this utilitarian plea which will not bear argument, may I bring forward one which is equally utilitarian and much better grounded? Is not this money, obtained exceptionally if not unexpectedly, which it is proposed to squander to the detriment of the church really needed to ensure its permanence? What our old churches always need and habitually lack, what many have perished for want of, is the timely repair of small faults in their initial stage. There is seldom a fund for this essential purpose, and it is difficult to raise one. There is nothing large or showy in such work to give point to advertisement and to appeal. There is no *kudos* to be thus obtained by incumbent or architect. They therefore disdain the proverb that a stitch in time saves nine. They prefer to wait till only one stitch remains of the original, and then they add nine fresh ones. Many of them have brought themselves to the curious state of mind that they conscientiously believe that after such treatment the old church still survives, and they talk glibly of its antiquity and of its traditions. Romsey Abbey is a case in point. A church of its size, of its age, of its manifold parts can only retain its original features, its original material, its original spirit and atmosphere by the constant practice of a comprehensive scheme of small but general repairs undertaken the moment that a crack appears in a wall, a defect in a roof, a worm-hole in a beam. And by good fortune it can now easily have this. A considerable sum of money, so little needed for immediate use that the hare-brained notion of the porch has actually gained some support, is in hand. Let it be capitalised. Let it be invested and the interest devoted to this purpose. With such a nucleus to start from, other money will gradually be obtained to add thereto, until there will be a secure yearly revenue equal to meet the inevitable yearly decay. Fortunately the porch scheme is yet in the balance. The faculty has been demanded of the Chancellor of the Diocese, but he has had the wisdom, in face of the extravagant nature of the demand and of the strong disapproval already shown by archaeologists, to defer judgment until October 23rd. Let the voice, not merely of every educated antiquarian and of every architectural expert, but also of the man in the street, who at heart has an equal affection for the sparse survivals of a noble architectural past, be raised in protest in order to strengthen the Chancellor in giving that refusal to which, I feel certain, his own feelings and his own sense strongly incline him.—ANTIQUARIAN.

THE HUMBLE BEE'S ART.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—When walking with Miss McDouall round the garden at Logan a fortnight ago, she pointed out what appeared to me a curious fact, viz., that the humble bee had been, and was then, boring holes through the base of the corolla of the blue salvia, and upon the left hand side these holes were large enough for the passage of a No. 5 shot, and were evidently made to allow of the extraction of the honey, the formation of the above bee not allowing the honey to be reached in the ordinary way. I have since looked into this matter, and find this behaviour of the bee is not singular, but that there are in the European flora some 300 plants whose flowers are robbed by humble bees biting through the calyx or corolla. To several of them which depend entirely upon insects for the transfer of their pollen this burglarious proceeding is fatal. Fertilisation is not accomplished, their ovules become atrophied and propagation by seed is impossible—such plants have flowered in vain. Herein lies a contradiction to the otherwise marvellous harmony which exists between the configuration of plants and animals—a contradiction only explicable on the assumption that these plants from which honey is taken without concurrent pollination date back to a time at which humble bees were absent from the district in question. The catchfly (*Silene pumilio*) in the Eastern Alps is another example. It rarely sets its seeds, and one may see hundreds of plants together, not one of which has ripened a fruit, although they flowered freely during the summer; so with several species of aconite and corydalis. Should any of your readers wish to follow out the above subject further, I would refer them to Kerner and Oliver's work on Natural History.—G. T. JOHNSTON, Bexhill.

[In a later note our correspondent says: "I have this morning received a letter from the lady in whose garden the above circumstances occurred, forwarding me a sketch, which I send you, of the flower and the position of the hole made by the bee."—ED.]

THE "HEATHER-LINTIE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—What bird does Mr. Seton P. Gordon intend when he speaks of "the common meadow pipit, or heather-lintie, as it is called in Scotland"? This is new information to Scottish ornithologists. I believe the bird is called "heather-lintie" by some people, but not, I think, in Scotland. If it is, then it must be extremely local, and also probably an error. It may be in the South of Scotland an imported name possibly from "over the Border." If it is used anywhere in Scotland, it is just as erroneous as to call *Turdus migratorius* a "robin," or a wheatear a "stonechat," as is done both in Scotland and in Northampton, Westmoreland and part of Yorkshire. The twite is the true "heather-lintie" of Scotland. If used for the meadow

pipit it is a personal error, not an universally applied local name. The keeper mentioned by Mr. S. P. Gordon may well have been surprised; what appears most likely is that he was right in supposing it to be a snow-bunting, in immature plumage, or even an older female. But at all events, I think it is a mistake to perpetuate an erroneous name for a pipit in any popular or scientific journal and localise it "in Scotland."—J. A. HARVIE BROWN.

[We have forwarded our correspondent's letter to Mr. Seton Gordon, who replies as follows: "With reference to Mr. Harvie Brown's letter, I may state that in this part of Scotland the meadow pipit is always known as the heather-lintie. This is the case in other districts as well. In confirmation I may refer to the well-known work on 'British Birds' Eggs and Nests,' by the Rev. Canon Atkinson, in which he gives the name 'heather-lintie' as one of the different names by which the meadow pipit is known. It may surprise Mr. Harvie Brown to hear that the meadow pipit is commonly found nesting 3,000ft. above the sea, and even up to 4,000ft. In any event, a snow-bunting could hardly be mistaken for a meadow pipit, even by a novice."—ED.]

THE TARDY BULLFINCH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Your correspondent need not be so surprised at finding a bullfinch's nest as late as August 9th. Bullfinches frequently have late broods, and I have often seen them as late as the end of July or beginning of August. I found one this year with young birds (just hatched) on August 2nd. Your readers may be interested to hear that I found this year two wood warblers' nests, which are so well concealed and difficult to find.—M. J. KELLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I was much interested in Mr. Horace Hutchinson's note on the late nesting of the bullfinch, which brings to mind the fact that many of our finches are notoriously tardy with their second broods. Over and over again I have proved individual pairs of bullfinches to be genuinely double-brooded, and on rare occasions triple-brooded. Szebohm was not correct when he stated that the eggs were generally laid in April. As a fact, such an event, even at the very end of the month, is quite a rarity. But, after May 10th, their nesting becomes general, and I have found many first clutches from that date up to May 31st. Moreover, many nests contain fresh eggs all through June; a fair percentage during July. Certainly, all those nests found after mid-June are second broods. On several occasions I have seen eggs and young in August and, once, a nest with four eggs on September 11th. This must be regarded as an extraordinary date. The goldfinch is another species which sometimes goes on breeding right up to the end of the summer. The earliest clutches of eggs which I have ever seen were respectively on May 2nd and May 8th. But the majority have their first nests filled between May 18th and June 4th. Second nests are quite common during July; several times I have found young, only a few days old, during the first week of August. The latest fresh clutch of eggs I ever saw was on August 16th. Turning to the greenfinch I find from my diaries that in the spring of 1894, which was a remarkably open one, I found a good many full nests between April 21st—30th. More usually, however, the laying season of the greenfinch commences about May 9th, and quantities of nests—all first broods—are prevalent until the first week of June. After this second broods may be looked for right on till the end of July, while, though rarely, I have known fresh eggs as late as August 15th. Another conspicuously late nester is the linnet, whose eggs I have found tolerably frequently as late as mid-August, notably two nests this very year. But these, of course, are late second or even third broods, for the linnet's breeding year commences at the end of April, though the majority wait for May before thinking of the serious business of the year. The lesser redpoll, producing its first clutch of eggs from between May 20th—June 6th, sometimes, at any rate, rear a second brood during July, and the twite occasionally



does likewise. And, indeed, with the exception of the crossbill and the hawfinch, all our finches rear, or occasionally rear, two and some of them three in the course of the season, though, personally, I think that genuine second broods of tree-sparrows and chaffinches are nothing like so common as most observers assert. Especially is this the case with the chaffinch. In conclusion, it should be noted how, for hardy resident species as all our finches are, comparatively late all the finches are (excepting the crossbill, which is notoriously early) in starting nesting operations.—JOHN WALPOLE BOND.

A NEGLECTED GEM.

[To the EDITOR of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—There is, nowadays, so great a supposed demand, so loudly an expressed love, for old country houses of moderate size and unspoilt architecture, that it comes as a surprise to find one, in every way desirable and well situated, going to rack and ruin. Yet such is verily the condition in which I found Nun Upton when I visited it the other day. Three Uptons—Upton Court, Lower Upton and Nun Upton—cluster together in that charming corner of rural England where the three shires of Hereford, Worcester and Salop meet. It is a country of rich red soil; of wood and waste on the high grounds, and of plough field and meadow below; of wide outlook on to the lofty Clee Hills and other almost mountainous heights of this borderland of Wales; of rapid slopes at whose base run purring brooks on their way to join the beautiful Teme, beloved both at Ludlow and Tenbury by artist and angler alike. All three Uptons were once houses typical of the local architecture of bygone times. But Lower Upton, the smallest and oldest, is gone, and a very modern and convenient farmhouse has taken its place. Upton Court, the largest, has been lately somewhat drastically treated, its renewed roofage and chimney-stacks standing up rather staringly among the trees. Nun Upton alone still presents all the features given to it by its sixteenth and seventeenth century builders, unaltered except by the action of time. The two accompanying pictures bear ample witness to the truth of this statement and to the excellence of the architecture. Here was evidently a small Elizabethan timber-framed house—such as abounded in this district—with the usual porch, the posts of which support a little gabled upper chamber. It would have had an entrance behind screens with hall—or, rather, with house-place—on one side and kitchen and offices on the other. A parlour and three or four bedrooms on the upper floor would complete the simple domicile. But when the reign of James I. was advanced or that of his ill-starred son had begun, this accommodation was deemed insufficient. By profitable husbandry, by business venture, by prudent marriage—by one or all of these methods—the owner must have found himself in possession of surplus means, and he altered and added to his father's dwelling in the material and in the manner fashionable in his own day. The east elevation shows the timbering of the older work; on all other sides rises the newer brick building. The main gable ends are curved and stepped in a composite manner, but those of the dormers and of the western porch are of simple semi-circular outline. All are coped with moulded bricks and are topped with a stone ball finial. The whole roof is of stone tiles, beautifully coloured and moss-clad, and, to the south, on each side of the pair of dormer gables, it is brought down as an overhanging eave to throw off the rain. The chimneys are very varied and excellent. The oldest stack rises on the east, next to the timber porch. There were evidently no bricks about when it was built. Stone was used where timber and plastered wattle did not serve, and the chimney was of large stones as to its lower portion, and of small laminated stones from the point where the two shafts rise diagonally. Later on these shafts had new and latter tops of brick added, and the stonework was plastered over. This was already peeling when these photographs were taken, and is now almost entirely gone. The most elaborate chimney-stack rises behind the south front, and shows admirably in the detail view taken from the north-east. A much more classic feeling is here reached. The central shaft has an arched recess, and the outer

shafts are rusticated in a fashion not unknown in this locality in the seventeenth century, and of which a fine example may be seen at Alcott, on the other side of Ludlow. A designer of some experience must have had to do with Nun Upton. True, the sense of line and proportion was still instinctive with the run of English craftsmen when its brick portions were added. But the seventeen

century portions of Nun Upton display an educated taste beyond the normal work of the time, as of one who, while still wedded to native forms, knew something of the stricter classicalism which Inigo Jones was introducing. This little house is therefore of great value. It is right. It is a model of general grouping and special detail. Its composite nature, of two dates and two materials, greatly adds to its picturesqueness and does not at all mar its scheme and balance. I could name no better example for a budding architect to study. If he spent ample time in making careful sketches and exact measured drawings, in fully impregnating himself with the spirit that animated the original builder, it would not be labour lost. Is sheer neglect to rob us of this gem? For long it has been uninhabited and used as a storehouse for the occupying farmer's odds and ends. Since these photographs were taken serious decay has taken place, and roof and walls call for attention if the house is to be preserved whole and intact at a reasonable cost. A more delightful cottage home could not be imagined. It stands some 500ft. above sea-level, screened to the north by tall trees and still rising ground, fully open to the south and commanding a view of one of the loveliest stretches of our land. It has, therefore, not only exceptional architectural merit, but exceptional beauty of situation and environment to recommend it. It should be carefully renovated by a loving and expert hand, that would retain its look of ancient days and the patina of age and its glamour, and it should be inhabited by such as esteem and understand its qualities. I hear that the estate, of which it forms part, is

owned by a man of means, capable and anxious to improve his acres and all that stands on them. If so, it is well. He will surely hear Nun Upton's call of distress and answer it. He will appreciate and do justice to one of the most interesting surviving buildings in the neighbourhood.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

VIRGINIAN CREEPER DYING.

[To the EDITOR of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a fine ampelopsis which has been growing for twenty-five years on the west side of my house, and now reaches to the roof about 40ft. up. This year it has put out very few leaves, and I fear it may be dying. Can you give me any information about this vine, and whether there is any treatment which could be applied to restore it?—A CONSTANT READER.

[It would have been most helpful to us if our correspondent had stated in what kind of soil the ampelopsis is growing and the treatment that has been afforded it in the past. We think that the probable cause of failure is that the roots have either exhausted all the food available in the soil, or else have reached soil that is unsuitable for the plant. In the event of this being correct, we advise the removal of as much of the old soil as possible from among the roots this autumn, replacing it with good soil (preferably decayed turf taken from an old pasture), taking care not to injure the roots when carrying

out the work. In addition, it would be advisable early in March next to cut out entirely some of the very oldest branches. Plants trained on walls require more artificial watering than those growing in the open, as rain seldom reaches their roots and much moisture is absorbed by bricks.—ED.]

